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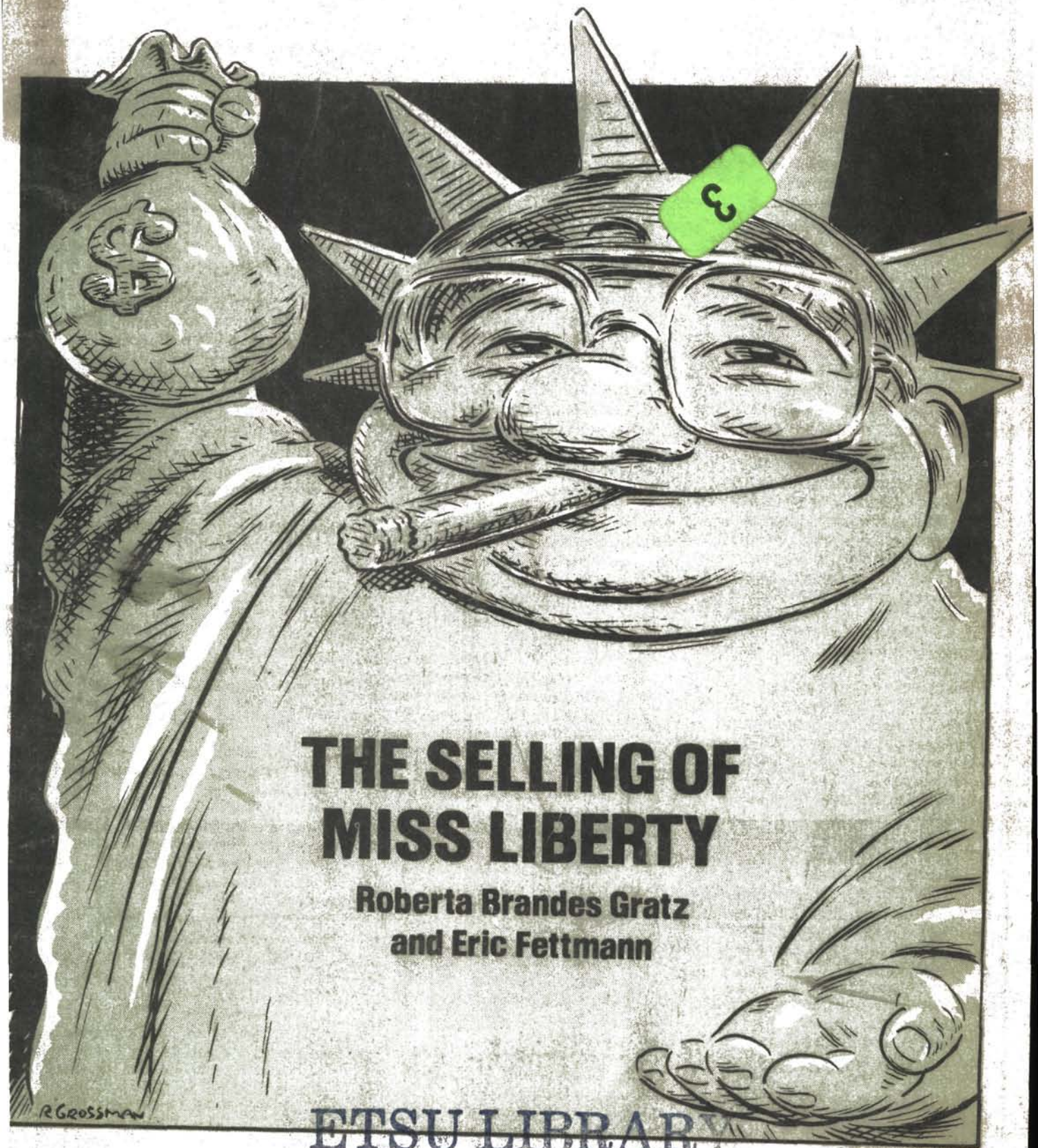

THE SELLING OF MISS LIBERTY

Roberta Brandes Gratz and Eric Fettmann

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LETTERS.

AND IN THIS CORNER . . .

New York City

What is to be done about the obnoxious Alexander Cockburn? Having described me in the past as a *contra*, a hawk, nearly a felon, virtually a Republican, he now goes on to suggest—but I won't repeat what he suggested ["Beat the Devil," Oct. 5]. It's too terrible!

I hope that readers of *The Nation* know by now how to regard his column. Cockburn is a crank. He's always fun to read, as long as he keeps his items short and stays away from his nasty prejudices. His obsessions are amusing, or so I used to think until I myself turned out to be one. But though it can be tempting to believe Cockburn, especially when he goes after someone dreadful, I'm sure that readers recognize that it's never wise to do so. Sometimes Cockburn does research; sometimes he makes things up. There's no way for readers to know.

Cockburn's commentary on a recent article of mine showed him in standard form. My article was a favorable review of an affectionate book by Abe Peck on the 1960s underground press. I praised the underground press for providing insights that were missing from the mainstream press. These insights included feminism, a black perspective on the Watts riot, an appreciation of gay rights and an understanding that U.S. policy in Vietnam was a policy of massacre. I even praised Wilfred Burchett, though of course I acknowledged Burchett's objectionable flaws, too, and the unfortunate consequences that came from them. By selective quotation and unselective innuendo, Cockburn managed to stand these views on their head. I wrote of Burchett that his readers "gleaned from him what could hardly be gleaned, in the early years of the war, from the mainstream press." Cockburn, the clever devil, dropped that line. Such is his method. And proceeding in this manner he transformed my balanced analysis of the underground press into a hair-raising attack on the antiwar movement.

No doubt in his reply to this letter, if he chooses to make one, he will gleefully, perhaps brilliantly, perform a similar trick. He'll quote out of context. He'll turn black into white. He's very good at doing that and devotes vast energy to the enterprise. Proceeding on the same basis, I could tediously prove that Cockburn regards himself as Jesus Christ (his numerous references in the October 5 issue to "Christian Behavior . . . the new era of gentility now unfolding . . . a Christ-like hippie with flowing hair") and entertains bizarre ideas, such as his assertion that "Western intelligence services hired Mr. Agca to shoot the Pope and then blame it on the Soviet bloc."

I have long wondered why Victor Navasky would want to publish this sort of thing, however. *The Nation*, which ought to be pink and principled, has succeeded in becoming a trifle yellow. It has become the kind of magazine that fills its letters column on a regular basis with angry accusations of lying, falsification and distortion. Many editors would find that worrisome. But my discussions with Navasky this year and last (when a similar incident occurred) have persuaded me that he is not the man for such worries. He is, on the contrary, precisely suited to be Alexander Cockburn's editor, feeling no aversion, as he has led me to believe, to Cockburn's flexible concept of intellectual integrity. *Paul Berman*

COCKBURN REPLIES

New York City

For a critic who regularly sticks it to playwrights as part of his professional duties, Paul Berman seems awfully thin-skinned. Since he's issued a Sneak Alert, fretting that somehow I'll wriggle free with a crafty response, I had better quote once again the lines from his *New Republic* review that bothered me. There was no distortion or misrepresentation whatsoever.

Berman first described the fine Australian journalist Wilfred Burchett as "a friend of the North Vietnamese government and a Communist of the worst sort." The nuance there was plainly that any friend of the North Vietnamese government should scarcely be a friend of reasonable people like Berman and readers of *The New Republic*. That nuance became forthright abuse with the gibe about the quality of Burchett's Communism. Having thus primed his readers, Berman wrote:

> Burchett offered the insight (1) that the United States was opposing a popular movement in Vietnam, and (2) that to war against the popular will means to war against the populace, i.e., to make massacre a policy. Yes, without question, the movement paid in the end for the prestige it accorded the Burchett line.

I quoted that passage exactly, and rereading it several times in the wake of Berman's charges of distortion, I am assured that it clearly means what I thought it meant. The "insight" that the United States was opposing a popular movement and making massacre a policy is described as "the Burchett line." This same Burchett has just been described as a Communist of the worst sort. And when the word "line" is juxtaposed with the word "Communist" in such negative terms, it is impossible to conclude that Berman is bearing witness to the value of Burchett's analysis.

In his letter Berman actually endorses my reading by saying that he "acknowledged Burchett's objectionable flaws . . . and the unfortunate consequences that came from them." The only such consequences that Berman mentions in the article are Burchett's views on the Vietnamese popular struggle and the U.S. policy of massacre. Berman claims that I suppressed the fact that he "praised" Burchett when he said of the movement that it "gleaned from him what could hardly be gleaned, in the early years of the war, from the mainstream press." But this praise—scarcely overwhelming since in the early days of the war the mainstream press was offering no insights whatsoever—is almost immediately qualified by Berman's remark that by 1969 the mainstream press "was conducting investigations into Vietnam somewhat more reliable than those of Wilfred Burchett."

So all I can do is ask my question again: What was the United States doing in Vietnam if not what Burchett said it was doing? In his letter Berman manages to avoid saying anything on this substantive question, which was the point of my item.

Since Berman accuses me of wider distortion of his purpose, I may as well say openly that I thought his *New Republic* article was carefully tailored to the prejudices of that magazine's editors. His patronizing account of what he called the "hip underground" went in lockstep with his abuse of any radical 1960s politics, particularly antiwar politics, more challenging than tie-dyed T-shirts and bleed-off graphics. And since he is sufficiently shameless to claim that he praised the worst-sort-Communist Burchett, I quote what Berman said about the leaders of the antiwar movement in the late 1960s:

> They were still the old crowd of acidheads, Buddhist poets, hippie Maoists, beyond-the-pale comedians, electric guitarists, Third World guerrilla warriors, future stockbrokers and religious nuts, plus an unscrupulous conniver or two, and they should have known not to take themselves too seriously.

This kind of language has made Martin Peretz happy ever since he stepped out on his own road to ruin in the late 1960s, as I imagine Berman well knew when he wrote his review. He and Peretz are of course as one on the Mideast. That aside, Berman's own politics have often puzzled me. I used to think they tended toward a sort of antiquarian anarchism, but now that innocuous posture has given way to the safari rig of Bananas Republicanism.

Berman sticks it to Navasky too. My beef with Big Vic centers around opportunism, but of a rather different sort. Of course he likes these exchanges on the letters page, for which he doesn't have to pay even in the high two figures. I expect him to suggest soon that the title of my column be changed to "Letters, cont." so he'll get all my services, including answering silly letters like Berman's, entirely for free. *Alexander Cockburn*

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EDITORIALS.

A Slippery Summit

Like a hurricane that hangs around too long before hitting land, the great summit of '85 is an earth-shattering event waiting to flop. Both the Russians and the Americans have been building up to the big day for months, the media is providing drenching if not saturation coverage, and no doubt the hotels and best restaurants in Geneva are already overbooked for mid-month. It looks to be a party conference, and not the kind they have in the Kremlin or the Moscone Center. But there is no reason to hope that the gathering diplomatic forces will produce anything more important than rhetorical flourishes, a few symbolic gestures and perhaps a new joint committee to mull over the same old intractable issues during the long period before the next meeting. The two sides have widely divergent interests, not merely in particular areas of dispute but in the summit process itself, and no real political basis for progress can be seen.

Stephen F. Cohen points out in "Sovieticus" this week that Mikhail Gorbachev has everything to gain from a successful summit. He needs détente to get on with the difficult course of economic and social reform that he has plotted for the Soviet Union. With Ronald Reagan, however, it is quite the other way. The Administration depends on the cold war to accomplish its economic goals, to pursue its foreign policy objectives and to "change the habits of the political system," as Walter Karp puts it in the current issue of *Harper's*.

Big Pentagon budgets are the meat and potatoes of the Reagan r[illegible]. Given his ideological orientation, mili-

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tary expenditure is the only positive means at Reagan's disposal to transfer ever-increasing public funds to the corporate economy. It may not be the best way, in terms of financial efficiency or social benefits, but it does the trick. High unemployment, deregulation and various forms of labor discipline are essentially negative policies, designed to wreck the old economic structures. Tax cuts and tax reform are supposed to facilitate economic growth, but their net effect on the system is marginal. Military Keynesianism, however, has worked to fuel the expansion, not only in Sun Belt conservative strongholds but in high-tech liberal lands from Massachusetts to Washington State. Détente would increase pressure from many sources—Congressmen with peacenik proclivities, bankers worried about the deficit, and foreigners fuming about debts—to reduce defense spending radically. Unless Reagan is willing to explore other avenues of massive economic intervention, he could not comply without opening the way to a deep Republican recession.

In foreign policy, the Administration has its eyes fixed on threats to Western (i.e., American) hegemony in the Third World, both real and potential, and Reagan is primarily interested in removing Soviet influence in those few countries where it is a significant factor. His speech to the United Nations last month set the stage for his summit position: Nicaragua, El Salvador, Angola, Ethiopia and Cambodia are on the agenda, but South Africa, the Philippines, Chile and other U.S. allies, friends and protectorates are not. That means that serious agreements about superpower intervention in the Third World are out of the question.

Nuclear détente would make it hard for Reagan to maintain that global goal of supremacy, so it is hardly likely that he would agree to any of the missile cuts Gorbachev has proposed. Arms control specialists may argue that the Reagan policy of nuclear superiority is upsetting the superpower balance, but there's every indication the President believes that if balance is good, superiority must be better. He's not concerned about American aggression—that is for the rest of the world to worry about—but he is determined to shrink Soviet power into submission. The permanent arms buildup is his ticket to that ride.

The armament expansion of the past five years was no stopgap program, to be abandoned when some preset level of preparedness was reached or when the crisis for which it was designed abated. It *is* the crisis and its level is intended to float upward each year. Militarism has a crucial domestic dimension. It helps create an atmosphere of pride and fear—pride based on fear—to replace the sense of tolerance and equity of the liberal society Reagan would destroy. As Gorbachev may want to demilitarize Soviet society, just a little bit, in order to expand liberty, Reagan seems intent on militarizing American life to expand authority. Even if he never starts a war, Reagan is putting America on a war footing, and he is not about to bargain away that effort across a green baize table in Geneva.

That said, there is one small chance that the summit may keep the ideal of détente alive, even if the meeting ends without cutting big deals. Both Reagan and Gorbachev are playing to a crowd that is still somewhat out of their control. To the extent that they can please the crowd, they can widen their foreign and domestic support and make politics more efficiently. The crowd doesn't always know what it wants, but it is safe to say that peace would be a pleasing present, and if there's a Santa Claus at the summit, he'll take the request to heart.

Liberty Inc.

At a press conference last week, Lee Iacocca, chair of the Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Foundation, announced a four-day gala, beginning July 3, to celebrate the statue's one-hundredth anniversary. The really big show, with guest shots by President Reagan, Frank Sinatra and a host of performers and other notables—not to mention a one-hundred-piece orchestra, more tall ships than the Spanish Armada and more fireworks than World War II—will be financed by the sale of exclusive television rights. How did Iacocca's foundation come to "own" the rights to a news event?

Such a question will no longer puzzle you after you read "The Selling of Miss Liberty" by Roberta Brandes Gratz and Eric Fettmann in this issue. The TV deal is only one of many examples of the commercialization and hype that have permeated the campaign to restore the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island under Iacocca's stewardship. The fund-raising effort has been run like a Chrysler marketing drive with input from Kentucky Fried Chicken; it has been marred by graft, cronyism and boondoggling. As Gratz and Fettmann point out, the idea of a dignified grass-roots drive that would have involved the largest possible number of Americans in the preservation effort was dumped in favor of franchises and product tie-ins awarded to the highest corporate bidders. Eventually, a Federal bailout was arranged (the foundation tries to minimize its size). So much for the magic of the marketplace.

Of course there is ample historical precedent for the private-gain approach; corporate greed is as American as, well, the Statue of Liberty. Joseph Pulitzer's working man's campaign to finance the construction of the pedestal more than one hundred years ago was partly a circulation builder for his struggling *World*. Even Frederic Bartholdi, the statue's guiding genius, mixed idealism and worldly concerns in his conception. He modeled Miss Liberty's face after his mother's and her body after his mistress's. As the bittersweet history of liberty in this country shows, ideals, like statues, tarnish in the air outside the studio.

The latest indignity is only one of many heaped on Liberty's shoulders during her solitary vigil, though we suspect she will survive Iacocca's campaign. Indeed, it may be the most fitting approach in a time when the Reagan Administration preaches that "what's in it for me" is the highest good. As a foundation official told Gratz and Fettmann, "You could conceivably make the case that America was built on marketing."

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Kahaneism

Rabbi Meir Kahane, the former head of the Jewish Defense League, has become a political force in Israel. In the 1984 elections, his Kach Party won 1.2 percent of the vote, receiving one seat in the Knesset, and recent polls predict it would win eleven seats if elections were held now. We asked the Israeli columnist Amos Kenan to reflect on the growing phenomenon of what must be labeled "Kahaneism."

The mistake people make about Rabbi Meir Kahane—one of many mistakes—is thinking that he wants Israelis to kill Arabs. If that was his only goal, he would not have needed to immigrate to Israel, run for the Knesset and become a political force. The Israeli Army is quite capable of killing Arabs; it doesn't need an American-born rabbi to tell it what to do.

No, what Kahane really wants is to incite Arabs to kill Jews. To kill them solely because they are Jews. To kill them wherever they are, in Tel Aviv and in the kibbutzim. Kahane wants to create a political climate in Israel in which coexistence between Arabs and Jews is no longer possible.

Kahane's extraordinarily sensitive political antennae tell him what the experts don't know—that Arab-Jewish coexistence has become a reality in Israel. It did not come about easily. In the beginning, relations between the two peoples were sad, tragic, bitter. After we Israelis won our independence in 1948, one of our first acts was to obliterate 300 Arab villages that had been declared empty. Then we took land from those who stayed; we took their property. We made it impossible for them to cultivate what little land remained to them, so their only hope was to find work in the towns and the cities. But we also forbade them to move freely about the country that had recently been theirs. Laws were passed saying that if an Arab villager wanted to go to Tel Aviv, he needed a permit. And he couldn't get a permit.

Necessity is the mother of invention. Within a few years the landless Arab peasants in Israel transformed themselves into a proletariat. By the end of the 1950s, they had become the economy's unskilled labor force. When that happened, the government had no choice but to let them move about unrestricted.

Education and political self-consciousness quickly followed. Not only did the sons of peasants become workers; they went to school. They learned Hebrew, Jewish history, Zionist history, the poetry of Hayyim Bialik. Soon they knew more about us than we knew about them. They were like an invisible foreign body within our system. Mahmoud became Raffi; Ahmed became Danny; Hassan became Abraham. They wrote poems and attended the universities. Today, Kufr Yassif, an Arab village in the Galilee, has one of the highest concentrations of university graduates in the world.

These young proletarian intellectuals passed through several stages of political development. First came collaboration, in the pejorative sense of the word. It meant being more Jewish than the Jews, more Zionist than the Zionists. Then came the Communist stage. The Communist Party provided the only legitimate political outlet for their nationalistic aspirations. Israeli law bans all non- or anti-Zionist political parties. However, because the Soviet Union supported the creation of Israel in 1947, the Communist Party was made an exception.

Then came the third phase, the formation of pro-Palestine Liberation Organization groups known as the Children of the Village. Finally, a fourth phase—the most alarming of all from the standpoint of the Kahane mentality—the emergence of an Arab majority that accepts Israel, that wants to live in Israel, that does not call for the defeat of Israel—only the right to live there in full equality.

I have talked with many of these new Israeli Palestinian-Arabs—long conversations running deep into the night with poets and carpenters, waiters and university professors. All of them told me the same thing: They don't want us to disappear. They don't want to drive us into the sea. They accept our right to self-determination, and all they want is that we accept theirs.

When relations reached that point, Kahane realized it was time for him to act. He knew that if Palestinians achieved equality, Israel would no longer need to expand beyond its borders. He knew what the Likud and Labor Party politicians going through the motions of democracy didn't know. He knew that true democracy is the enemy of racism, that equality means an end to segregation, that democracy and equality are inimical to expansionism, to Ariel Sharon's dream of imposing a "new order" on the Middle East.

Kahane is the true champion of aggressive Zionism, the only pure exponent of a Greater Israel. He knows something even Sharon does not know. Before the final war can begin, Arabs must begin shooting Israelis on sight, hunting them down. To bring them to this pitch of hatred, Kahane wants to drive them out of the factories, hospitals, schools, nurseries, shops, marketplaces, towns. He wants to deprive them of their normal way of life, to hound them to madness, to make them desperadoes who have nothing to lose. When schoolteachers become assassins and dishwashers become mass murderers, Kahane's hour will have struck.

Then people like me will be forced to react, to readjust, to take up weapons. Then, and only then, will Sharon be able to put into action his master plan for saving the free world from communism: all-out war against the Arab nations. Then we Israelis are doomed. The survivors will pack their bags and begin the new exile.

AMOS KENAN

Amos Kenan is a journalist for Yediot Aharonot *in Tel Aviv.*

COMING UP

Next Week: Fall Books Issue

Part II of Richard A. Cloward and Frances Fox Piven's Article on Voter Registration Will Appear in Our November 25 Issue.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In my wasted youth as a Fleet Street hack, I was instructed in several journalistic principles, viz., lay off the Royal Family, don't take drinks from policemen, don't buy drinks for Members of Parliament (they've had enough and we're paying anyway), try to justify your expenses in the first paragraph and, when covering a foreign conflict, always ask for someone who's been raped and speaks English. These precepts I imbibed, along with much else, from grizzled and embittered veterans, many of whom have since moved to the United States to work for Rupert Murdoch. The most enduring lesson they taught me was this: If you tangle with the Official Secrets Act, even a teeny-weeny little bit, make sure to keep a toothbrush in your top pocket.

The Official Secrets Act is the only piece of Western democratic legislation that stands comparison with the much-cited fictions of Franz Kafka and Joseph Heller. Its operative, central function is totalitarian. If charged, you must be guilty of *something*.

This handy principle has just been deployed in this country, as you might say experimentally, in the case of Samuel Loring Morison. Morison is, by the sound of him, not my type. A former naval intelligence analyst, a scion of some distinguished family or other, a volunteer for the Vietnam War, he spent some of his ripest years telling the naval establishment that it was lagging behind the Soviet Union, that it needed more Weinbergers and Lehmans, that the hour was late. I doubt it ever occurred to this boring peace-through-strength artist to tuck his toothbrush into his top pocket as he left for the daily grind. How wrong he was.

As a result of a recent verdict, Morison is now looking at a possible forty years in jail and/or $40,000 in fines for the mere act of "leaking." I very much doubt that anybody with his background and connections will ever serve time, but you never know. My interest is in the precedent. Morison gave some U.S. satellite photographs of a Soviet aircraft carrier to a comically reactionary scandal sheet called *Jane's Defence Weekly*. For this, and for keeping some other unimportant office papers at his house, he has been charged and convicted under the 1917 Espionage Act. The fact that such a man can be caught by such an act is indicative of the Reagan Administration's attitude toward disclosure and debate.

The Espionage Act, like the Official Secrets Act, is unbeatable in its drafting. It is almost embarrassingly absolute in its provisions, which is why it has never been invoked against anyone but a spy except in the case of Daniel Ellsberg (which was thrown out on the understated technicality of "government misconduct"). Briefly, the act prohibits the disclosure of information "relating to the national defense." Argument may be allowed in court as to whether such information is actually or only "potentially" useful to an enemy, although proving that distinction would not be a ground for acquittal. So, as you can see, the burden of proof sits on the prosecution very lightly indeed.

Morison had a cast-iron defense, which is just what you don't need on these occasions. His "incriminating" satellite photographs had been taken by the U.S. KH-11 spy-in-the-sky. The KH-11 technical manual was obtained by the Russians through a genuine piece of espionage in 1977. As if wishing to improve on this, the United States left several KH-11 satellite pictures scattered on the Iranian sands at Desert One some time later. In other words, the United States knows that the Soviet Union knows that it knows. Morison, in seeking to tell *Jane's Defence Weekly* about the capabilities of a new Soviet carrier, was giving nothing away to an enemy and would not have been doing so if he had posted the envelope to the K.G.B. He was another right-winger trying to alert us all to another threat, and perhaps trying to land a retirement job at the magazine. But his dealings with *Jane's* count as classic political speech and, though I wonder if he would do the same for me, I say that Morison's constitutional rights have obviously been violated.

How will such a precedent operate? It clearly will not stop Richard Perle or Ronald Reagan, who regularly come to the rostrum and show slides and data on Soviet weapons that alert the Russians to the scope of U.S. intelligence gathering. Nor will it deter the various boastful, wealthy lobbies for Star Wars, the B-1, the MX or whatever. If they have a state secret, and if the disclosure of that secret should chance to have short-term benefits for the government of the day, they will leak like nobody's business. At the Morison trial, solemn witnesses called by the government argued that the Russians would have profited from contact with the defendant, but, in fact, the defendant didn't try to contact them. A bewildered jury was then promised, by Judge Joseph Young, that he would explain the meaning and gravity of the word "potential."

Interviewed after the verdict, several jurors evinced "surprise" that Young had not included the promised section in his summing up. I can't say that I share their confusion. The point of using the Espionage Act against the press, and those who share information with the press, is this: we don't care whether the Russians know or not. It's the voters and taxpayers who mustn't know. For them, there can never be enough ignorance. In their minds, there must always be the suspicion that debate itself, let alone disclosure, is disloyalty. If that suspicion can be hardened into law, so much the better.

How appropriate it is that the Morison case follows on the precedent of the Watergate plumbers. Then, it was plain to everyone that the state was acting to protect its own corruption and misdemeanor from public view. The Soviet press—oddly, some naïve people thought—did not make anything of the Watergate scandal, did not stress the legal removal of a potential despot or dwell on the related framing of Ellsberg. Nuclear states enjoy a certain mutual protectiveness. And if our nuclear state can't live with the relative honesty of Morison, whose granddaddy wrote the most upbeat history of American sea power, then what hope is there for the rest of us? Myself, I recommend the toothbrush. Don't leave home without it.

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

If the United States really wants to improve political relations with the Soviet Union and end the nuclear arms race, the Geneva summit meeting between President Reagan and the new Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev will be a historic opportunity. The reason is not that the Soviet Union has suddenly become a benign or like-minded superpower but that, as Gorbachev has made clear repeatedly, his own "foreign policy is an extension of domestic policy." Simply put, in order to carry out his program of reform at home, Gorbachev needs détente and arms control abroad.

None of this is acknowledged by the Reagan Administration, which seems to have an acute case of cold war myopia about developments inside the Soviet Union. Ever since Gorbachev became General Secretary in March, it has portrayed him as a slicker but traditional Soviet apparatchik, even a neo-Stalinist, and his policy statements as nothing but "public relations." According to Gen. Edward L. Rowny, special adviser to the President for arms control matters, "Gorbachev is likely to emulate most of his predecessors and merely insure continuity." And on October 22 the President said, "We have yet to see a change in fundamental Soviet positions."

In reality, everything indicates that Gorbachev is the first reform-minded Soviet leader since Nikita Khrushchev came to power in the 1950s. Even before taking office, he pointedly identified himself with the reformist wing of the Communist Party, calling for "deep transformations" and "profound changes" in the state economic system. Since March, he has outlined a far-reaching decentralization of industrial management and curtailment of ministerial control, while declaring that "more major, important decisions" are still to come. If recent proposals in *Pravda* and *Izvestiia* are an indication, those decisions may introduce, among other things, a considerably larger role for private enterprise and market relations.

Such reforms will not bring capitalism or democracy to the Soviet Union, but they will, inescapably, entail liberalizing changes in various areas. They may not alter the situation of active dissidents, but they will improve the everyday life of millions of ordinary citizens and, by relaxing the general political atmosphere and specifically censorship, respond to the aspirations of thousands of intellectuals and artists. Gorbachev may even be preparing to pick up Khrushchev's fallen banner of official de-Stalinization. In September, for example, the poet Evgeny Evtushenko, a bellwether of that long-suppressed cause, was allowed to publish prominently two anti-Stalinist statements.

But these internal possibilities stand no chance of being realized without a significant improvement in Soviet-American relations—for two fundamental reasons. First, the economic reforms envisaged by Gorbachev will require major new investments in nondefense sectors, especially consumer-related industries. Given the laggardly rate of Soviet economic growth, such expenditures will be impossible unless military spending can be reduced or at least frozen. And that will require an end to the strategic weapons race, certainly one as costly as Reagan's Star Wars program.

Second, Gorbachev needs détentelike relations with the United States if he is to become any kind of strong reform leader in the deeply conservative Soviet system. He has brought other reform-minded officials into the top leadership, and recently he ousted two important opponents of economic change, former Prime Minister Nikolai Tikhonov and the longtime Gosplan chief Nikolai Baibakov. But he still must overcome widespread objections in the party elite and the state bureaucracy that even modest forms of decentralization and liberalization are too dangerous because of "the growing American threat." Better relations with Western Europe, Japan and China, which the Gorbachev leadership is also promising, cannot alleviate this central concern. In official Soviet eyes, the United States is the source of the political anxiety and of the arms race.

Despite the compelling domestic factors behind Gorbachev's appeals for a "revival of détente," he will not come to the Geneva summit as a "supplicant," as the Soviet press has been warning in recent weeks. Though eager to negotiate political and military agreements, Gorbachev will be "tough," as the American cliché goes, partly because all leaders of great powers must be so, but also because of his special position as the Soviet Union's youngest and most Westernized leader in sixty years.

Those personal traits, along with Gorbachev's reform program, have aroused resentment among old-line, iron-curtain Soviet conservatives, who have been heard to refer to him derisively as *malchik*, or "the kid," and as "not one of us." Such attitudes no doubt motivated Andrei Gromyko's unusual assurance to the Central Committee gathering that elected Gorbachev: "Comrades, this man has a nice smile, but he's got iron teeth." Nonetheless, if met by a conciliatory rather than a confrontational President Reagan, Gorbachev can show his teeth back home simply by insisting at Geneva on U.S. recognition of the Soviet Union's right to equal political status in world affairs. Indeed, for Soviet leaders, that has been the symbolic importance of summits since they began during World War II.

Granted that diplomatic parity, Gorbachev will negotiate at the summit in accord with his domestic imperative that substantially improved U.S.-Soviet relations are "extremely necessary." At stake is not only his personal fate as a reform leader but the political agenda of a new generation of Soviet officials who will govern into the next century. Unable to claim credit for any of the great achievements of the Soviet past, from industrialization and the defeat of Nazi Germany to the nation's rise to superpower, they may well seek their generational destiny in reform at home rather than in more power abroad.

But will the Reagan Administration seize this historic opportunity for a new and possibly lasting détente? If it fails to do so, as now seems likely, it will be saying that the United States actually prefers cold war and a nuclear arms race forever—or something even worse.

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CALVIN TRILLIN

I hope students of the language noticed a quote in *The New York Times* recently that might have marked the first time anybody has ever used the word "yuppies" in a way that assumes them to be desirable rather than silly. The person quoted was one of the purchasers of Grossinger's, the Borscht Belt resort renowned for its contribution to American stand-up comedy and Jewish gastric distress. He said that the new ownership would be creating "more of a yuppie-type of facility." At first, I thought it might have been a typo. Why would the owner of a resort tell potential guests that what they might run into at his place is a bunch of yuppies? Even if he secretly hoped to appeal to people who could be categorized as yuppies—according to *The Times*, the new management's financial papers refer to its target audience as "upscale families of the baby boom generation"—why would he come right out and call them that? As far as I know, the old owners of Grossinger's never said anything like, "We're trying to run a resort where people who are probably a little overweight already can make disgusting pigs out of themselves three meals a day."

"Maybe some people don't consider 'yuppie' a derogatory term," my wife said.

She's always saying things like that. I might as well reveal right here and now that it's her influence I blame for the children's excessive tolerance. "Yuppie" is obviously a derogatory term. If it weren't, why would so many people use the phrase "crawling with yuppies"? I have used that phrase any number of times myself, and I can assure you that I meant it in a derogatory way every single time. I have used it most often in restaurants that are so packed with "upscale families of the baby boom generation" that respectable citizens are forced to wait for tables. What is particularly maddening about such places is the knowledge that a lot of the yuppies are there because they actually enjoy waiting; they like to stand at the bar and talk about what they're doing with their I.R.A. money. Finding yourself in a crowd that was attracted by the prospect of crowdedness is a little like finding yourself in a dreadful traffic jam just after you've discovered that you're on the wrong road. It's perfectly understandable that someone in that position might respond by muttering, "This goddamned place is crawling with yuppies."

My wife reminded me that some people these days use the word "nerd" in a way that's not derogatory, particularly in the term "computer nerd." Not me. As it happens, I almost never call anyone a nerd—I'm partial to the term "wonk"—but when I do, you can be certain that I mean it as an insult. I'm not at all impressed by those movies about computer nerds in high school who triumph in some improbable way over the jocks, because I know the secret reason those movies are made: nearly everybody who makes movies in Hollywood was himself a nerd in high school. Not a computer nerd, just a nerd. These Hollywood people turn out computer-nerd movies to make us think it's O.K. to be a nerd. (It isn't.) These days, of course, they do their best to act cool—wearing their shirts unbuttoned to their *pupik*, handing out cocaine as dinner-party favors—but they know who they are. I believe it was Carl Jung who said, "Everybody's who he was in high school," to which Wilhelm Reich, that shrewd old cockamamie gentleman, countered, "A wonk is a wonk—let's face it."

It's interesting that Reich used the term "wonk" (or, in the original German, *Vonk*), because the term I was familiar with in college was not "wonk" but "weenie." They are synonymous, and they are both derogatory. I can't imagine anyone telling *The New York Times* that he and his partners were interested in creating "more of a weenie-type of facility." Even my wife and children, in their most intense periods of mad-dog tolerance, could not have said something like, "I met an interesting wonk today." In the late 1960s, when some colleges were themselves in an intense period of mad-dog tolerance, I returned to the campus and found that the word "weenie" had disappeared. When I reported that to a classmate of mine, he said, "What's their word for a weenie?" .

"That's just it," I said. "They don't seem to have a word for 'weenie.'"

"In that case," he said, "they're *all* weenies."

The spirit of the late 1960s is now gone, of course. Everyone has a word for weenie again. The latest one I've heard is "dweeb," as in "He's a total dweeb." Apparently, a total dweeb is the only kind of dweeb you can be. There's no dweeb spectrum. Nobody can be just a tad dweebish any more than he could have been a little bit wonklike. As Freud himself might have said, "Once a dweeb, always a dweeb—and that goes double for Reich."

I'm not sure how many yuppies used to be dweebs or nerds. (They are not old enough to have been weenies or wonks.) The last statistic I heard was 38 percent—although, as I understand it, that figure was arrived at by factoring in a wimp quotient, which I find completely irrelevant. It's easy enough to spot nerds among people who make movies in Hollywood—they're the ones with the unbuttoned shirts who are handing out cocaine—but it's more difficult with yuppies. When people are discussing I.R.A.s, they tend to seem pretty much alike. Also, any survey-taker is aware that it could be dangerous to offend yuppies by asking too many personal questions, since all of them have a racquetball racquet on their persons at all times.

The other interesting question is whether yuppies are preferable to dweebs. I wonder. There's no doubt in my mind that high-school nerds are preferable to people who make movies in Hollywood. Which means, I suppose, that I can see the possibility of using "nerd" or even "yuppie" in a sense that's not derogatory, at least in a comparative way. I wouldn't want that known among the people I went to college with, of course. It might make them think I've become a weenie.

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ARTICLES.

IACOCCA'S GOLDEN DOOR

The Selling of Miss Liberty

ROBERTA BRANDES GRATZ AND ERIC FETTMANN

It is the Year of the Statue. Miss Liberty's image is ubiquitous—in the newspapers, on trains, in shopping malls, at the drugstore counter, on the airwaves. Everywhere the message is the same: Give for the restoration of the monument that has become the most widely recognized symbol of the United States.

In 1865 the French decided to build the statue in commemoration of their alliance with the colonies in the American Revolution and as a tribute to the spirit of republicanism and political liberty. In 1885 Joseph Pulitzer, the publisher of the New York *World* and a Hungarian immigrant, launched his famous "workingman's campaign," soliciting small contributions from the average worker to pay for Liberty's pedestal. In the same way, Lee Iacocca, son of Italian immigrants, promised to restore the Lady of the Harbor through a grass-roots effort, a "schoolchildren's campaign," in time for the one-hundredth anniversary of its dedication, in 1986.

There is a widespread assumption that although more money is surely needed, the repair of the statue is in good hands. Who would question what is being done when the effort is headed by the man who saved Chrysler? At the start, the idea was simple and historic: restore the Statue of Liberty with private funds generated through a well-organized multimedia campaign appealing to all that is noble and caring in the American spirit. But the result has been the commercialization of the statue, the franchising of a national symbol to corporate interests, who reap millions of dollars in public relations benefits—not to mention direct profits from tie-in sales—from the exclusive rights to market the statue's image. And the man in charge of it all, Lee Iacocca, has enhanced his stature as the country's newest folk hero.

What began as a $15 million to $20 million restoration of the statue alone has grown into a $62 million project, including an extensive new landscaping of Liberty Island, where a more limited one would do. And what started as a $50 million to $100 million fund-raising appeal for renovating the statue and part of Ellis Island has mushroomed into a more than $230 million campaign. What started as a privately run, privately financed operation that would avoid governmental red tape and the precariousness of Federal funding has grown into a sizable bureaucracy, the Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Foundation, with offices around the country and a paid staff of at least 120.

The restoration of the statue and Ellis Island comes none too soon. The history of government neglect of these important landmarks of the American heritage is a national tragedy. But behind the promotion campaign's poignant image of the weeping statue there is the story of a less-than-noble effort that raises serious and disturbing questions. Allegations of mismanagement and improper procedures were first raised in June at a Congressional hearing conducted by the House Subcommittee on National Parks and Recreation, chaired by Representative Bruce Vento. Following that hearing, the General Accounting Office began the first comprehensive audit of the restoration effort. Neither inquiry has received much attention in the press, but a three-month investigation we have conducted has turned up even more disturbing issues and questions.

What follows is the story of a corporate takeover of a national shrine at a time when corporate raids are an everyday occurrence. This takeover, accompanied by a brilliantly conceived corporate marketing strategy, was led by Lee Iacocca. His autobiography extolling the virtues of hard work and ethnic pride has sold more than 2 million copies and has fueled suggestions of a Presidential bid, echoed by prominent Democrats like Governor Mario Cuomo, Joseph Califano Jr. and Representative Thomas P. O'Neill (who are apparently unaware that he is a registered Republican).

The story involves:

§ How the government of the United States stood back

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT GROSSMAN

Roberta Brandes Gratz, an expert on preservation issues, is completing a book on urban redevelopment. Eric Fettmann is assistant city editor for the New York Post. A research grant for this article was provided by Essential Information.

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and watched a group of private businessmen take control of two of the country's most historic sites, Liberty and Ellis islands.

§ Apparent conflicts of interest on the part of the Statue of Liberty–Ellis Island Foundation's initiator and two of its three original directors, who awarded themselves lucrative marketing, architectural and advertising contracts.

§ The lack of a properly approved master design plan for Liberty Island less than a year before its scheduled reopening, and no plan for Ellis Island either, although the commission's committee of experts carefully worked out their recommendations nearly a year ago.

§ A misleading fund-raising effort that long ago abandoned the goal of a schoolchildren's campaign in favor of corporate sponsorship, granting donors exclusive rights to use the Statue of Liberty's image for their own profit.

§ The publication of deceptive figures to mask a continuing cash shortage. The financial crisis is so severe that the foundation, which was set up to raise funds from private sources, is relying heavily on tens of millions of dollars in projected income from sales of souvenir coins minted by the Treasury Department.

§ A power struggle over the heart and soul of the project—how each monument will be restored and what will be preserved, demolished or rebuilt—in which Lee Iacocca and his associates attempted to thwart the proposals of the government and the commission's experts and pushed instead their own lavish design schemes.

Efforts to Save the Statue

More than 17 million immigrants passed through the portals of Ellis Island from 1892 until it was closed, in 1954. In the next decade, efforts to sell the twenty-seven-and-a-half-acre island to private developers proved unsuccessful, and it was reclaimed by the National Park Service, an arm of the Interior Department, in 1965. But the preservation of Ellis Island was never a high priority for the Park Service or for Congress, which appropriated only enough money over the years to arrest some of the decay. As the buildings of Ellis deteriorated, plan after plan for rebuilding them fell by the wayside.

In 1975 a private commission, formed at the instigation of Peter Sammartino, founder of Fairleigh Dickinson University, mapped out a $1.5 million restoration plan. New Jersey land developer and Jewish community leader Phil Lax replaced the elderly Sammartino in 1980 and signed an agreement with the Interior Department under which he promised to raise private funds toward a $54 million restoration budget. By the time Ronald Reagan took office in 1981, the Interior Department had also signed agreements with the Friends of Ellis Island in Boston and the American Folk Life Center of the Library of Congress, authorizing them to raise funds for the Ellis Island restoration.

The first suggestion for completely restoring the Statue of Liberty came in 1980, from French metalwork engineer Jacques Moutard and French philanthropist Philippe Vallery-Radot. Early the next year, accompanied by the brother-in-law of then-President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, Vallery-Radot approached the Interior Department with a proposal to refurbish the structure in time for its centennial. He suggested that the effort be financed the way the original construction had been—by private contributions from the United States and France. Late that spring Vallery-Radot formed the French-American Committee for Restoration of the Statue of Liberty. The key American officials were Paul Windels, a prominent New York City lawyer long active in Franco-American affairs, and Susan Snyder of the U.S. Pathfinder Corporation in Washington. The committee signed a memorandum of agreement with the Interior Department, made a detailed engineering survey of the structure and planned to raise $15 million to $20 million.

In the early days of the Reagan Administration, Garnet Chapin, a young Tennessee architect who was named to the White House staff after serving on the Reagan campaign, was appointed as the Interior Department's permanent liaison to the groups spearheading the rebuilding effort. "The department was signing memos of agreement with these private groups left and right," Chapin said recently. "The problem is that none of them were interested in both the statue and Ellis. We needed an overall commission that would coordinate a joint effort."

At Chapin's suggestion, Secretary of the Interior James Watt (not Reagan, as Iacocca repeatedly claimed in early fund-raising letters and brochures) appointed a blue-ribbon "centennial commission" to coordinate the often overlapping efforts of the existing groups. Watt and the Park Service decided that those groups would do the actual planning, fund-raising and restoration, and that a nationally recognized figure would be appointed chair of the commission to attract the spotlight, cut red tape and smooth whatever feathers might get ruffled in the process. Iacocca apparently wasn't the Interior Department's first choice for the chair, nor did he eagerly volunteer. By one account he negotiated with the department for nearly two months before agreeing to take the post. Nevertheless, he accepted a task that others were unwilling to undertake. Whatever criticism may be leveled at him for his subsequent handling of the job, it is arguably to his credit that he took it on.

In its Federal charter (not formally approved by the Interior Department until April 1984, two years after the commission's appointment), the commission is mandated to "serve as the primary citizen advisory body . . . on all matters pertaining to the preservation of Ellis Island and the Statue of Liberty." The document instructed the commission to make recommendations "on the means and schedules of preservation, the needs and uses of donated funds and the programs and activities associated with" the islands' respective centennials. Other groups and individuals, the charter stressed, "will be encouraged to work with and provide their ideas . . . through the Commission." Under the terms of the Federal Advisory Committee Act, which governs its activities, the commission was required to meet at least quarterly and keep "Congress and the public" fully informed on its activities and costs.

But instead of a commission of experts to oversee the work, a group of celebrities was enlisted. Among its initial

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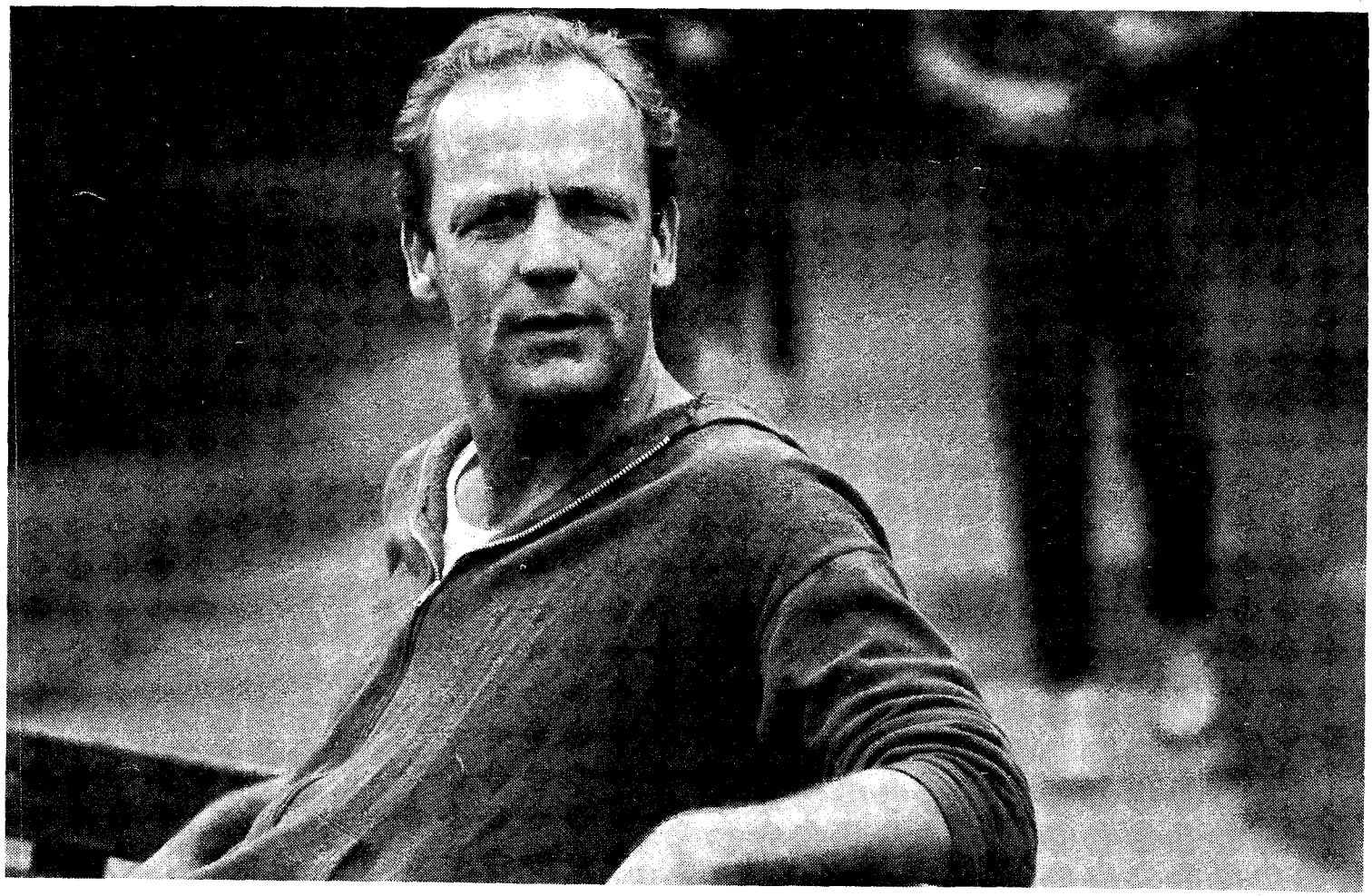

What every man should know about abortion.

It's easy for men to have an opinion about abortion. We can always pretend it's not our problem.

But for many women, abortion involves more than an opinion. They face a *decision* about abortion. And that's harder and lonelier. They have to live with the consequences.

But that doesn't make abortion a "women's issue" any more than birth control is. Because no woman ever made herself pregnant. Men are responsible too.

So the public controversy over keeping abortion safe and legal concerns your freedom as well. To marry when and if you want. To decide with your partner to have children when you want them. If you want them. Yet an increasingly vocal and violent minority wants to outlaw abortion. For all women. Regardless of circumstances. Even if her life or health is endangered by a pregnancy. Even if she's a victim of rape or incest. Even if she's too young to be a mother.

But outlawing abortion won't stop it. Women have always had abortions when they've felt there's no other way. Even at the risk of being maimed or killed with a back-alley abortion.

Ironically, it's mostly men who want to outlaw abortion—men in the White House, in Congress, in the Courts. Many of them even want to ban contraceptives and sex education.

These people must know there's a man intimately involved in every unwanted pregnancy. Why don't they ever mention it?

Maybe they're hoping to buy your silence until it's too late. And they think you're too selfish to care. If you'd like to prove them wrong, start by returning the coupon.

The decision is yours.

☐ I've written my representatives in Congress to tell them I support: government programs that reduce the need for abortion by preventing unwanted pregnancy; and keeping safe and legal abortion a choice for all women.

☐ Here's my tax-deductible contribution in support of all Planned Parenthood activities and programs: ☐ $25 ☐ $35 ☐ $50 ☐ $75 ☐ $150 ☐ $500 ☐ or: $_____

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twenty-one members were Bob Hope, Lionel Hampton and Peter Ueberroth, along with a number of prominent businessmen and government representatives. Hope, Hampton and a few corporate officials were selected by the White House, according to one source. The rest of the commission members, including United Automobile Workers then-president Douglas Fraser, were named at Lee Iacocca's request. Despite its legal obligations, the commission has convened only three times in forty months.

The Foundation Is Formed

Once Iacocca accepted the job of heading the commission, he was determined to play an active role. As he said on at least one occasion, "I don't just write checks." Other people, several of them Iacocca's close associates, saw an opportunity for power and profit. Six months before the commission was appointed, but while Iacocca was considering the commission chairmanship, a group of businessmen formed the Statue of Liberty Foundation (Ellis Island was added to the name after the commission was formed). Its stated purpose was to raise money for restoration of the statue, an odd goal considering that several fund-raising groups were already in place and neither the Park Service nor the Interior Department had indicated the need for such an agency.

The key organizer, never mentioned on any founding document, was Richard Rovsek, president of the Westport Marketing Group, a well-known Connecticut firm with 110 corporate clients. "I got the idea for the foundation on July 4, 1981, while standing next to Jim Watt on the White House lawn," Rovsek told us. "I suggested a private setup to get corporate sponsorship to restore the Statue of Liberty." The White House lawn was not an unusual place for Rovsek to be standing. His company stages the annual White House Easter-egg roll and July Fourth picnic. Rovsek had also been involved with the Reagan inaugural committee, raising $1 million through the sale of memorabilia like first-day postal stamp covers and $2,000 sculptures.

Rovsek moved quickly. In November 1981, apparently without authorization from Watt or the White House, he arranged for three longtime friends to incorporate the Statue of Liberty Foundation. (Rovsek's lawyer prepared the documents and served as founding secretary.) The three were John Burgee, a noted corporate architect; John Sargent, a vice president of Du Pont; and John Morrissey, then the chair of the Kenyon & Eckhardt advertising agency and a close friend and adviser of Iacocca. Morrissey was the central figure. His agency has handled the Chrysler account ever since Iacocca snatched Kenyon & Eckhardt away from Ford in a coup that made the front page of *The New York Times*. An Iacocca loyalist, he arranged for a former K.&E. employee to write a gushing paperback biography of the Chrysler chief. Later, when the Advertising Council, a consortium which does public interest campaigns, agreed to give the foundation hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of free advertising, the agency that got the prestigious account—"assigned randomly and coincidentally," foundation officials insist—was Kenyon & Eckhardt. The agency is not paid any fees for work on that campaign but its expenses are reimbursed. Morrissey was paid more than $25,000 in fees and expenses to handle public relations and television production for the lowering of Liberty's torch on July 4, 1984. (His son-in-law directed the ceremony.) Foundation officials defended the hiring of one of their directors, saying only that an "emergency situation had arisen." They also admitted that Morrissey has been paid additional expenses but refused to say how much.

Burgee, too, has played a pivotal role, even after he resigned as a foundation director, in March 1982, pleading lack of time. Although he admits he has "never restored anything," Burgee was chosen by Iacocca not long after to evaluate plans submitted to the centennial commission for the renovation of the two islands. With Iacocca's support, he blocked a development and preservation plan for Ellis Island recommended by the commission's architectural and preservation experts and pushed his own proposal, which called for refurbishing the three major historic structures, including the Great Hall, and demolishing the rest of the buildings to make way for construction of buildings designed by him. Next he turned to Liberty Island, proposing to redesign the island's historic landscaping. His plan included a lavish 160-foot-high dock shelter, which Park Service officials charged would detract from the statue. Dedicated Park Service staff members and diligent preservationists continue to chip away at his proposals, at a tremendous cost of time and energy. Although work on the statue proceeds, less than a year before its scheduled reopening the plans for buildings and landscaping on both islands are still not officially approved. Burgee and foundation officials insist that his services are donated. His firm is reimbursed for costs but "without the standard industry markup," according to foundation general counsel Palmer Wald. The foundation refused to disclose how much money Burgee and his firm have received. A formal contract is being negotiated only now, although the job has been under way for more than two years.

Iacocca used his connection with the project to benefit Chrysler. Earlier this year he unveiled plans to market a small high-technology car to compete with General Motors' Saturn and Ford's Alpha. Its name: the Liberty. In addition, Iacocca's highly visible role as the savior of Miss Liberty—he has insisted on being the sole spokesman on television commercials for the restoration—can hardly hurt whatever political ambitions he may have. He has refused repeated suggestions that he run for President, but we have learned that Iacocca discussed entering the 1984 race with at least one top media strategist and what sources described as "a dozen Wall Street Democrats" while having lunch at the "21" Club in New York City. If he does make a bid for the White House in 1988, Iacocca could conceivably have at his disposal a useful mailing list of millions of contributors, each of whom has received several computer-generated personalized letters from Iacocca in connection with the Liberty project.

In principle, the public and private groups overseeing the restoration are totally separate. The commission's mandate

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is to implement policy; the foundation's merely to raise money. But in practice the foundation has become the tail that wags the dog, and the available evidence suggests that Lee Iacocca wanted it that way. Whatever his motives, the result has been the downgrading of the role of the commission, a public body operating under a Federal mandate, and its unauthorized takeover by a private group that is legally accountable to no one.

Although until a year ago Iacocca was officially connected only with the commission, his close friend and adviser John Morrissey was the foundation's chair from the beginning. And in July 1982 the foundation named as its first executive director J. Paul Bergmoser, retired president of Chrysler. Bergmoser signed on "as a favor to Iacocca," Burgee said, adding that "when Iacocca wanted to set up this office, he wanted his man of action there." Minutes of the meetings of the foundation's board of directors, which we obtained independently after the foundation refused to release them, show that Iacocca also helped choose Bergmoser's successor, in October 1983.

The foundation, a private corporation not legally answerable to the U.S. government and incorporated under the lenient tax laws of Delaware, supplanted the original fund-raising groups and took over the entire restoration effort. In October 1983, after eighteen months of negotiations with the Interior Department and the Park Service, the foundation signed a formal memorandum of agreement by which it was designated the "primary fund-raiser" for the restoration. The memo retroactively endorsed what the foundation had been doing for a year and a half: executing and awarding construction contracts.

Foundation documents show that the foundation was instructed to "respond to the Commission on campaign policies and prepare and implement [its] strategies." Specifically, the documents show that the commission was required to approve all "strategies" relating to "fund raising, celebrations, special events, corporate sponsors, marketing, advertising, public relations and all other media support activities." The foundation was merely supposed to "supervise and execute all those activities"; instead, it was the foundation, not the commission, that set the policy.

The commission never really got off the ground. (Its $60,000 staff budget was never spent.) Legally, the commission's members and employees are barred from raising funds. The commission also "has no operational or management authority" on either island, according to an Interior Department directive. Foundation documents we obtained show that it assigned itself "management, operational control and custody" of both Liberty and Ellis islands for the duration of the project. Officials say that the declaration was necessary for insurance purposes. "You can't get insurance on something you don't own," one spokesman said. Representative Vento maintains that the foundation acquired its authority without Congressional authorization, required for any private group to have management responsibility for government property. Foundation officials declined comment on this charge, saying the G.A.O. has the matter under investigation.

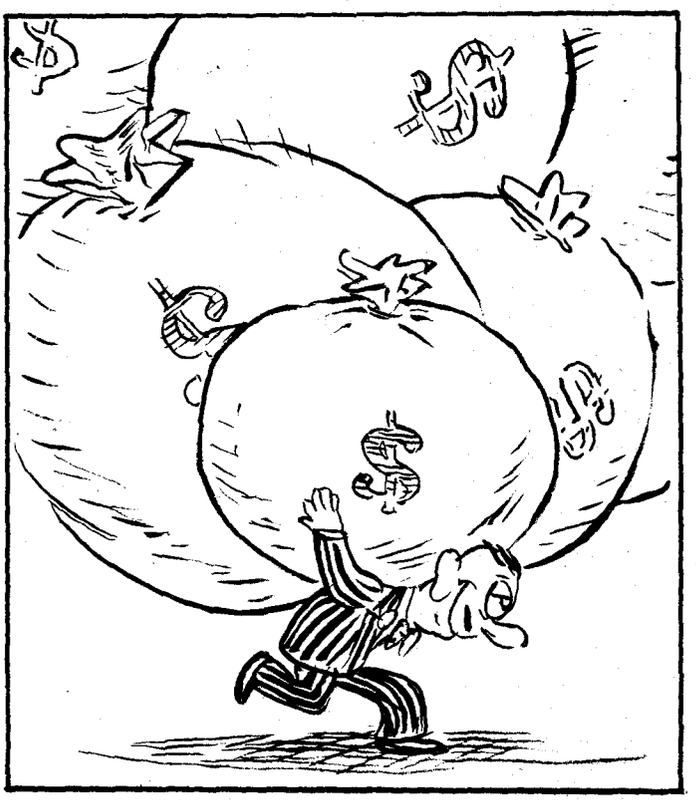
Why did the Interior Department and the Park Service allow the foundation to ursurp so much power? Virtually everyone connected with the project explains it by asking, "Have you ever tried to say no to Lee Iacocca?" On the commission as at Chrysler, the man presses his point until he gets what he wants.

Foundation and Commission: An Iacocca Show?

What was Lee Iacocca's involvement in the foundation's early stages? People connected with the foundation insist it operated independently from the outset, that Iacocca did not become aware of their activities until much later. Yet, as already mentioned, he was considering the commission post at least a month before the foundation was incorporated. His chief adman was the foundation's original chair. If he really wanted complete financial and organizational power over the project, the foundation was the way to get it. Iacocca could shed light on the subject of his intentions, but despite our repeated requests, he has declined to be interviewed.

An Interior Department directive stresses that the distinction between the commission and the foundation "must be adhered to for both legal and policy reasons." From the beginning, however, there was a conscious effort to blur the two bodies' identities. The presence of Bergmoser and Morrissey gave the foundation the imprimatur of commission chair Iacocca, and press releases were issued on behalf of both organizations on joint stationery printed by Richard Rovsek, which for a while incorrectly listed Bergmoser as executive director of the commission.

Probably the most blatant merger of the two, from which the foundation was forced to backtrack, can be found in the



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memorandum of agreement with the Interior Department. As Vento brought out at his subcommittee hearing, there are two such documents: one dated October 14 and another, identical in language, dated October 24. Foundation and Interior Department officials had no explanation for the dual documents when asked about them by Vento. In a recent interview, foundation counsel Palmer Wald dismissed the duplication as a matter of convenience: "The right document wasn't in Washington when it needed to be signed."

But there's another explanation. The first document was signed by foundation treasurer John Sargent and Lee Iacocca, who had no legal authority to sign anything for the foundation, since he was not officially connected with it. On the second document, Iacocca's signature is missing. "There was a lot of early confusion between the two groups," Wald said. "It took a year before everyone was clear on the difference." Asked about the Iacocca signature on the memo, Wald maintained: "The Interior Department asked for him to sign. There wasn't the sensitivity then to the difference that there is now." And there was no sensitivity on the inside, either. "I've treated them kind of interchangeably," Burgee told us recently.

In the course of our inquiry, foundation officials became more scrupulous in distinguishing between the two bodies. Although press releases are still issued on joint stationery, foundation officials refuse to answer questions about the commission, referring them to the Interior Department. That gets Iacocca's lieutenants out of answering such embarrassing queries as why the commission, in clear violation of its legal obligations, does not meet quarterly, or why it has not yet approved master plans for Ellis and Liberty islands.

The question of Iacocca's role in the foundation became academic when its directors elected him chair in October 1984. "I'm not sure why [he was elected]," Wald said recently. "I assume it's because he was so publicly identified with the project, and because he felt that merely being chairman of the commission did not completely serve his purposes."

Indeed it didn't. Iacocca's assumption of the foundation leadership simply made official a situation that had existed for nearly three years. No longer was he solely an organizer charged with overseeing a group of little-known fund-raisers. Now he was the fund-raiser, and he personally had expanded the initial goal of $50 million to $230 million. One foundation official has confirmed that the higher figure came from Iacocca's off-the-cuff question at a foundation meeting: "How many Americans are there? Let's get a dollar for every American." It's taken a lot of fiscal finagling by the foundation to keep the project pegged to that figure.

In June 1982 the foundation estimated total restoration costs to be $167 million. That amount has now risen to $190 million; additional work at Liberty Island has driven estimated costs there from $15 million to $62 million. But it is on staffing and planning costs that the figures have fluctuated wildly. Fund-raising costs were pegged at $10 million for the entire project back in 1982. Two years later the estimate had nearly tripled, to $29 million. Latest figures, supplied to us by the foundation and effective as of July 17, projected fund-raising expenses at $26.4 million.

Estimates of management costs not related to restoration or fund-raising have also varied over the years, from an original $5 million estimate, up to $17 million two years later, down to $15 million early this year and reduced sharply to $6.9 million in July. The biggest variation, however, has been in the budgeted costs for "public awareness and celebrations." The 1982 projection was $28 million, mostly for public events. By 1984, it was down to $4 million. A year later, the figure was back up to $28 million. The most recent estimate is $6.7 million. The bottom line has also changed. The latest total, $230 million, does not include the $20 million permanent endowment cited in every previous budget. In June, during a press tour of Ellis Island, Iacocca admitted that $230 million "probably won't be enough to finance the restoration." Pressed for a figure, he suggested the final cost would reach at least $260 million.

More important, Iacocca is no longer merely heading a government advisory commission under the thumb of the National Park Service. Now the restoration of Liberty and Ellis islands is a Lee Iacocca show, thanks to his total control over the foundation. "It's a quasi-governmental structure they've set up there," charged Representative Vento recently. "Is there some empire-building going on? And quite frankly, who the hell elected them?"

Give Me Your Fat Cats and Big Bucks

"The dollar of the hard-working mechanic, the railroad laborer or the shop-girl is a more liberal and more noble gift, representing more self-sacrifice, than $10,000 would be from any of our millionaires," Joseph Pulitzer wrote in the *World* on April 19, 1885. "The *World*'s fund is emphatically the fund of the sons of toil. It has been built up to its present grand proportions by the middle class and the comparatively poor people."

Liberty's pedestal may have been erected by the sons of toil, but its restoration is being made possible by the titans of industry. "We should start at the grass-roots level," Lee Iacocca declared shortly after assuming the commission chairmanship. "We should get the school kids, the Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts involved. Each guy sending in five or ten bucks is better than ten corporations sending in a million each." It never worked out that way.

One of those who say it wasn't supposed to is Richard Rovsek. "Lee really gave lip service to the idea of a schoolchildren's campaign," he told us. Foundation documents bear him out. Even in its earliest budgets, the foundation never expected more than 13 percent of its revenue to come from the schoolchildren and working people, who were the symbolic backbone of Pulitzer's campaign. Corporate donations, sponsorships and "individual leadership gifts" would provide 83 percent of its income, according to an April 1983 projection.

It's not as if corporations were riding to the rescue of a failing fund-raising drive either. The foundation never tried to solicit contributions from corporations without a com-

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mercial tie-in. After all, the tradition whereby private individuals and businesses make donations for important civic and cultural purposes is older than the statue itself. Symphonies, museums, botanical gardens, community centers and Y.M.C.A.s all get money that way. But from the foundation's inception the Statue of Liberty/Ellis Island effort was intended to be a commercial opportunity.

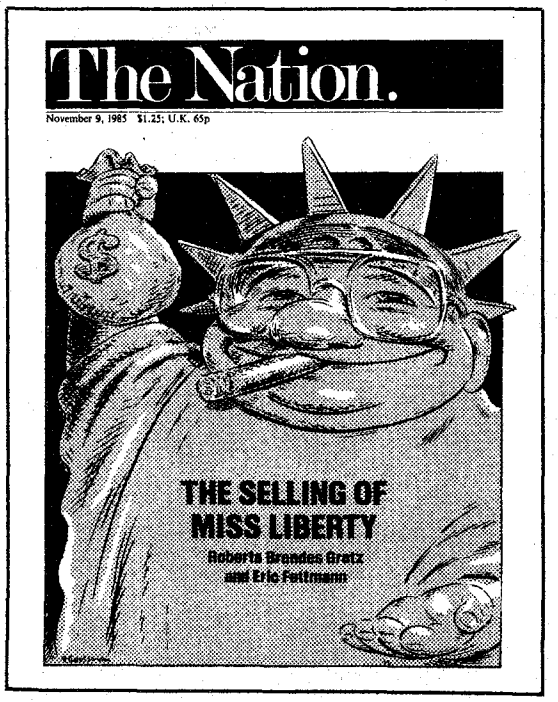
On March 10, 1982—more than two months before the Iacocca commission was even unveiled—the foundation took its first substantive action, signing a "public relations, publicity and promotion services agreement" with Richard Rovsek's Westport Marketing Group Inc. The five-year contract, signed for the foundation by Rovsek's friend John Sargent, provided for payments to Rovsek of $60,000 a month plus expenses; in return Rovsek drew up plans for a P.R. and fund-raising campaign of $50 million to $100 million. And he knew exactly where to go for that kind of money.

When the foundation kicked off its drive in June 1983, thirteen corporate giants pledging a total of $58.8 million had been signed up as founding or official sponsors. They included Coca-Cola (whose head, Roberto Goizueta, was an original commission member), Kodak, Chrysler, Nestle, Avon, Time Inc., Kellogg, Oscar Mayer, American Airlines, Stroh Brewery, *USA Today*, U.S. Tobacco and its subsidiary Chateau Ste. Michelle vintners. Each sponsor was granted the exclusive right to use the statue in its advertisements and promotions. According to foundation executive vice president Stephen Briganti, each sponsor "was induced to contribute . . . based on the foundation's promise that competitive companies in [its] product or service categories will not be licensed by the foundation." Like the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics, on which the campaign was modeled, the Statue of Liberty now has its official cereal, newspaper, soft drink, wine, beer—and bologna. And under separate licensing agreements with novelty manufacturers, Miss Liberty's image is also being used on "official" products, such as beer mugs, popcorn bags and air fresheners.

Although foundation counsel Palmer Wald insists the restoration campaign does not have official products, merely "official sponsors in certain categories," Chateau Ste. Michelle recently ran magazine advertisements extolling its "Wines of the Liberty Centennial." And just last month, while promoting a Lady Liberty Sweepstakes, American Airlines declared itself "Official Airline of the Statue of Liberty Restoration." "They went for the corporations because that's where the big bucks were," Wald explained. "The idea was to get the most amount of money in the least amount of time."

Contrary to the foundation's publicity, however, the corporations are not reaching into their own pockets. Instead, they are subsidiary fund-raisers. In return for pledging a certain sum to the restoration effort, to be paid over ten years, they have been granted the right to use the statue for advertisements or promotional gimmicks designed to boost their business. Thus, Stroh contributes "a portion" of the entry fee from its annual Run for Liberty races. American Express donated a penny for every use of its

THE SELLING OF MISS LIBERTY



This issue of The Nation uncovers a corporate takeover of a national monument. It tells how a group of businessmen led by Lee Iacocca assumed control of the campaign to restore the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island—and what they did with it. More than an exposé, the story raises questions about private initiative and the public good in the Age of Reagan.

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credit card over a three-month period in 1983 (business has increased by 29 percent). Oscar Mayer promises a nickel for every supermarket coupon redeemed. Kodak contributes part of the $10 fee it charges those who want their family pictures placed in the firm's permanent Liberty Island exhibit. Black & Decker donated an unspecified sum for every power tool purchased in a three-week period. And Coca-Cola is now using its sponsorship to sell Cabbage Patch Kid "pin-ups." Dolls clustered under a picture of the statue plead, "Please Help the Lady"; a donation is made to the foundation for every pin-up sold.

The foundation does its part by providing free plugs for its sponsors in its publications. "Buy all your summer picnic supplies at Grand Union and you'll help restore The Lady," its quarterly newsletter urged. "The Kellogg Company loves America's schoolchildren and the kids love Kellogg's cereal" reads another section.

Critics have decried this commercialization, but Iacocca sees things a different way, as he told a West Point, New York, audience on October 18. Rovsek, on the other hand, has no apologies for the campaign he devised. "If you don't get large [corporate] donors at the front end, you won't get them on the back end," he said in a recent interview. He also defended the use of corporations as subsidiary fundraisers. "Look," he said, "these companies pay a lot of money in order to tell the public they're spending a lot of money" on the restoration.

Wald, who blames Rovsek for many of the foundation's fiscal problems and once said, "I'd like to meet anyone who has something nice to say about him," also defends the corporate scheme. "There's no one textbook answer on the question of whether the statue is being commercialized," he said. "You could conceivably make the case that America was built on marketing, you know." What about asking those corporations to make a contribution without the marketing tie-in, much as they support the arts? "It just doesn't work that way," according to Rovsek. "It's not successful." Foundation controller Gary Kelley said, "You can't get the really big money without the tie-in."

Conflicts of Interest

But Rovsek apparently gave away more than marketing rights, as the foundation eventually learned. Each founding sponsor, sources say and Wald admits, was promised a virtually exclusive concession on Liberty Island in return for its sponsorship. Coca-Cola was promised exclusive soft-drink rights in the reopened snack bar. American Express was told it could have Liberty Island closed for private parties. Rovsek told Kodak it could have a permanent exhibit near the statue. The company became skeptical about his ability to deliver and asked Park Service officials to sign a separate contract. At first they refused, but eventually Kodak won out. Called America's Family Album, the exhibit will feature anyone's "old favorite picture of ancestors" projected on a video screen. The size of the permanent Kodak logo has not yet been determined. Rovsek denies that any exclusive concessions were promised to corporate sponsors. However, as Garnet Chapin noted, not one sponsorship contract was ever submitted to the the Park Service for prior approval.

That wasn't the first time Rovsek bent the law to make a promise. In 1976, according to *The New York Times*, he produced a catalogue of materials for Gerald Ford's Presidential campaign that assured buyers they could make purchases exceeding the $1,000 legal limit on individual campaign donations. The Federal Elections Commission investigated, but no charges were filed.

The first Liberty marketing campaigns were subtle compared with recent solicitations. Individual stores and shopping malls have now been invited to launch Liberty promotions centered around official products. "Special Offer For Retailers! A Monumental Profit Opportunity," cries one recent full-page ad the foundation took out in a trade magazine. "Now you have a profit opportunity of historic proportions. At no charge, the Foundation will designate your retail store(s) an Official Retail Headquarters for the program."

The foundation realized early on just how important exclusive sponsorship was to the corporate benefactors. "[It] is a major attraction," Briganti said; and the foundation was prepared to defend it in court. Last November the foundation moved to get a Budweiser commercial thrown off the air. Budweiser's parent company, Anheuser-Busch, was approached in February 1983 to become "the exclusive beer and malt beverages sponsor of the restoration effort," according to an affidavit filed by Briganti. But the offer was rejected, a Budweiser official testified, because "Anheuser-Busch had a very large financial commitment" to the Olympics—besides which, "the proposal did not make sense . . . based on the amount of money and . . . how much potential there was to that sponsorship."

In August 1984, though, the firm decided to film a "This Bud's for You" tribute to "the crew .that's restoring America's pride in Liberty." It applied to the foundation (which by then had signed up Stroh for the beer sponsorship) for permission to film the restoration workers. Although it has no legal control over the island, the foundation said no. Then the Park Service authorized the company to film the statue and the island (but not the scaffolding, which belongs to the foundation) and cast actors as restoration workers. The commercial hit the airwaves on November 12 during *Monday Night Football.*

Within three weeks the foundation won a temporary restraining order from Manhattan Federal Judge John Sprizzo, barring Budweiser from airing the spot. But after a day-long hearing, Sprizzo declined to make the order permanent, saying the foundation had no legal right to copyright anything but its official logo. The statue is public domain, he ruled, and the commercial did not imply Budweiser's sponsorship of the restoration.

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The Fall of Rovsek

Although by that time Rovsek had been gone from the foundation for several months, his shadow hung over the Budweiser case. This was not simply an instance of corporate commercialization. It involved a clause in Rovsek's contract with the foundation that was virtually ignored when he signed it, in 1982. It said Westport "may provide services under separate fee arrangements to persons who contribute to, contract with, or are associated with the Foundation." That allowed Rovsek to sign up sponsors as Westport clients and market their sponsorships.

Rovsek also worked the other side of the street. Some of the sponsors, including Stroh, Kellogg and Kimberly-Clark, were already on Westport's client list, and they got special financial breaks to join the team. Although Anheuser-Busch had been asked to pledge $10 million for the beer sponsorship, Stroh paid only $3 million.

Almost from the start Rovsek's actions caused eyebrows to be raised at the foundation. In November 1982 his lawyer petitioned the board to grant him the title of executive assistant to the chairman. Rovsek "believes that he would be better able to serve the interests of the Foundation" with the title, attorney John Zulack wrote, adding: "According to Mr. Rovsek, he discussed the propriety of that title with Lee Iacocca. Mr. Iacocca did not believe there was any problem." For reasons that are not explained in the minutes of the foundation board meeting, the request was denied.

Rovsek's request apparently prodded the board members into taking a closer look at his contract. And when they realized the implications, they sought to renegotiate the terms. At the November 18 board meeting, Paul Bergmoser, then the foundation's executive director, proposed a new policy on conflicts of interest. It stipulated that officers and employees "must not have any personal interests which might conflict or appear to conflict with the interest of the Foundation." Efforts to reach an agreement with Rovsek on a new contract were unsuccessful throughout most of 1983, and he flatly refused to sign the foundation's conflict-of-interest policy until the terms were settled.

Rovsek, however, still had champions on the board, especially John Morrissey and Steve Briganti. When the foundation moved to hire a firm to license manufacturers of "official products," Morrissey tried to get Rovsek a piece of that pie too. At a meeting in October 1983, Briganti recommended that the foundation hire Hamilton Projects, the respected licensing firm that had handled the Brooklyn Bridge centennial. But according to the minutes, Morrissey "suggested that Westport Marketing be one of the companies permitted to make a licensing proposal." Hamilton won the contract, and Rovsek was angry. At the next

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meeting, Briganti told the board that Rovsek had made it clear he "wanted to perform some sort of licensing function in three specific areas." So the directors authorized Briganti to modify the Hamilton contract to "contain provisions which would permit Westport to so operate." They instructed Hamilton to meet with Rovsek "to coordinate the licensing and sponsorship efforts."

Rovsek's insistence on participating in the licensing arrangements forced a lengthy delay in product authorization. As a result, no official products were available for the Liberty Island ceremonies on July 4, 1984. The licensing agreement finally adopted suggests that the foundation's expectations of the amount of money it could raise were unrealistic—which helps explain its continuing fiscal woes. The foundation receives 6 percent to 12 percent of the wholesale price of each product sold, of which Hamilton deducts one-fourth as its commission. The licensees have guaranteed $7.8 million to the foundation, "even if they only sell one widget," according to controller Gary Kelley. But to attain the royalties projected in the foundation's most recent report to the Interior Department, the licensees will have to sell approximately $613 million worth of products.

The Westport contract was producing other problems. In September 1983 the foundation's independent auditors, Deloitte Haskins + Sells, said it was "[unable] to render its opinion" at that time on the annual financial statement because of "the Foundation's significant accrued liability to Westport." (Kelley says that was caused simply by confusion over whether Westport's fees were to be charged to fund-raising or management.)

Also in 1983, Morrissey informed the board that Rovsek and Bergmoser had negotiated an agreement through John Mitchell, a Los Angeles television consultant and former Columbia Pictures executive, for a television special on the upcoming torch lowering on Liberty Island. Mitchell persuaded the foundation to award the contract to one of his clients, Metromedia Television, whose chair, John Kluge, is also a member of the centennial commission. The special was later aired on CBS, and the foundation, which laid out the entire $2 million budget, kept all of the revenues. Only $600,000 in commercial time was sold, but foundation officials maintain they made a profit of $1.1 million because the show, which starred Frank Sinatra and Brooke Shields, "led to additional contributions from 107,000 people giving $2.69 million." That money, however, came in response to a direct-mail letter sent after the show was aired. It is impossible to know how much would have come in without the show.

Financial Problems

At its January 1984 meeting the board assessed the "potential problems posed by Westport's offering marketing services directly to corporate sponsors." Some weeks earlier, Richard Goodyear, Chrysler general counsel, had discussed Westport with board members.

One source told us that Goodyear, who had no legal connection to the foundation, was "brought in to keep Lee Iacocca's nose clean when they realized what was going on with Rovsek." Another said Goodyear also "unveiled the whole Rovsek file" to the Interior Department in June 1984, reporting "tens of thousands of dollars in food and entertainment expenses charged by Rovsek." Foundation officials refuse to say how much Rovsek got in expenses.

As the board was souring on Rovsek, the Park Service was coming to the end of its tether. It had previously expressed dismay about Rovsek's high-powered techniques, but the last straw came with his insistence on depicting the statue in a state of neglect and decay. It was one thing, Park Service officials said, to complain that the statue had suffered the ravages of the elements; it was something else again to suggest Miss Liberty had been neglected by the government. Garnet Chapin, the Interior Department gadfly on the project, told Congress that Rovsek had introduced a poster at a 1983 fund-raiser showing "a dead statue, gray and flat on its back."

"The Park Service objected to the idea that it was responsible for the statue's present ills," Chapin said, and then-Park Service director Russell Dickenson ordered that the poster be withdrawn from circulation that day. Nevertheless, within a week the same illustration appeared in a Chateau Ste. Michelle ad in *USA Today*, another foundation sponsor.

Park Service complaints about Rovsek continued to grow until the dispute came to a head. In July of last year the foundation fired Rovsek and bought out his contract for an undisclosed sum. Foundation officials will not divulge the reasons for their action. Rovsek also won't discuss the specifics of his firing. In a recent interview he charged: "It was political. Mr. Iacocca shared the same viewpoints I had. . . . The major problem is bureaucracy and the involvement of the Park Service."

Rovsek's wasn't the only apparent conflict of interest. In November 1983 former Manufacturers Hanover Trust vice chair Llewellyn Jenkins was brought in to replace Bergmoser as executive director (Jenkins later insisted on the title of president). Before Jenkins took over his new position, the foundation had already purchased $2.1 million in short-term notes from a number of other major financial institutions, according to internal documents and the foundation's 1984 tax return. In January 1984, after those notes came due and Jenkins came on board, the foundation invested $3.3 million in shorter-term commercial paper, all but $200,000 of it issued by Manufacturers Hanover. The notes were eventually reclassified as "temporary cash investments" and are no longer itemized on the foundation's Federal tax return. The current investment total, according to controller Kelley, is $46 million, most of it in Citibank but with Manufacturers Hanover now second. Kelley conceded that the large investment in Manufacturers Hanover notes started about the time Jenkins took over. "But that's the same time we opened the Chemical Bank account, too," he insisted. "I don't have an allegiance to any one bank."

Chapin Goes Public

Chapin and Representative Vento charge that the foundation has failed to file required financial reports with the Interior Department. Gary Kelley calls that charge a

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"damned . . . lie" and insists that all the necessary reports have been sent to the Interior Department. Chapin claimed that Briganti threatened his job if he continued to press for compliance. In a letter to Vento in September, William May, the former president of American Can Company who took Jenkins's place in late 1984, dismissed Chapin's allegations.

But Chapin did lose his job, early this year, without explanation. He was given two days' notice, and his files were shipped to Boston—after the foundation had gone through them and removed several documents. After Chapin testified at Vento's hearing the foundation took another look at his files when it submitted a Freedom of Information Act request with the Interior Department. Contrary to the usual procedure, the foundation was granted direct access to the files and the right to pick and choose the documents it wanted copied. After learning of the incident, Vento immediately moved to have the files placed in the custody of the G.A.O.

Foundation officials say Chapin was seeking revenge for the loss of his job by testifying against them. When Chapin was still at his post and the foundation's auditors suggested an independent or government audit, Kelley said, "Chapin called me up and really ranted and raved, 'That's going to cause a G.A.O. investigation and you don't want that.' Next thing I know, he leaves the Park Service and he's down there in front of the G.A.O. making these statements that are not true and he knew were not true."

But Chapin wasn't the only one who noticed problems. A February 1984 report by the accounting firm Touche Ross (whose former managing partner, David Moxley, is the foundation's treasurer) cited "hazy long-range objectives," "lack of a detailed business plan," "lack of a detailed management process" and "increased fund-raising requirements." The report warned: "There is a very good chance that the foundation's fund-raising will not meet the cost requirements of the statue, Great Hall and Unit 1 [of Ellis Island] by 1986. . . . It is critical that the potential gap be closed by an effective regional and major corporate fund-raising campaign."

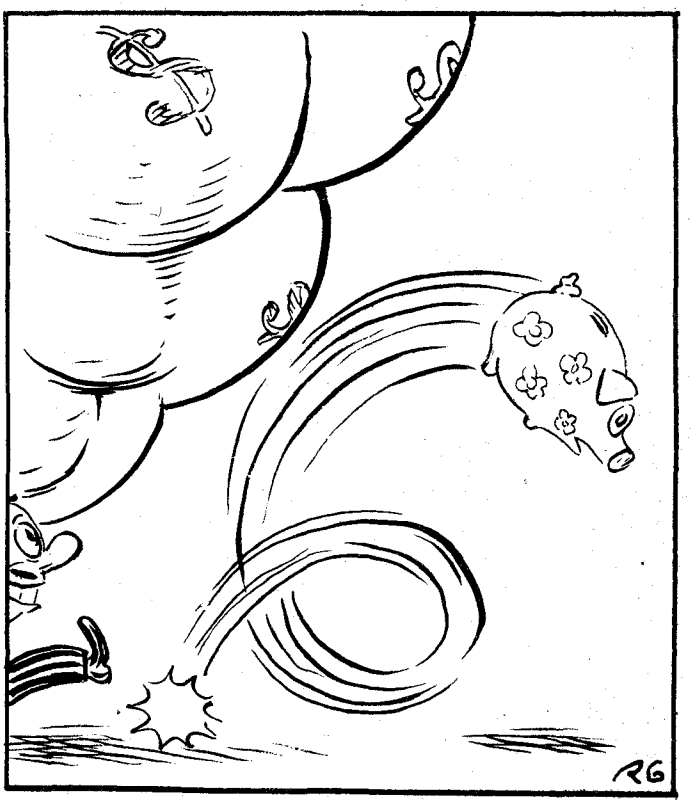
To this day, however, the foundation has minimized what both Wald and official spokesman Hank Nielsen concede is "a serious cash flow problem." In June, Iacocca told the press on Liberty Island that the foundation had raised about $170 million, but Wald and Nielsen recently admitted that the foundation has less than half that sum in hand. In its March 1, 1985, annual filing with the New York Secretary of State, the foundation reported it had collected only $70.2 million, including $2 million raised by other agencies. The current figures, supplied in a June report to the Park Service, reveal $93 million in cash available out of the $170.7 million in cash and pledges. Half the shortfall represents legally binding corporate pledges, most of which will not be fulfilled for several years, leaving some $40 million in unredeemed nonbinding pledges. "We need cash," Wald stressed.

Treasury Bailout

Just as Lee Iacocca turned to the Federal government to bail out Chrysler, so the foundation turned to the Treasury Department to bail out the restoration effort through the sale of souvenir coins. The bill authorizing the sale was passed by Congress in July. According to the bill's sponsor, Representative Frank Annunzio, and Grey Advertising, which was chosen to mount a $20 million ad campaign, the coins would bring in as much as $137.5 million. During the summer, foundation officials lowered their estimate of profit to $100 million and then to $60 million. Now, after some criticism of the government bailout, the foundation estimates are down to $40 million.

A four-page brochure issued by the foundation in 1983 pledges: "There will be no government funding contribution. Funding will be provided through corporate sponsorship and gifts, foundation giving, major individual gifts and grass roots contributions." But the coins will be sold directly to the public through banks, savings and loan institutions, and Federal credit unions. The foundation isn't even involved. "There's no question they're raising money for us," conceded Wald. But he insisted the foundation's policy has always been "no *public* money, meaning the funds don't come from the general treasury or appropriations."

Despite its cash shortage, the foundation has begun a major drive to stop all promotions it hasn't authorized—even when it is the intended beneficiary. When the New York Statue of Liberty Celebration Foundation, an unaffiliated fund-raising group now run by Garnet Chapin, signed licensing agreements for Liberty products, Iacocca's colleagues pressed New York Attorney General Robert Abrams to file "deceptive" fund-raising lawsuits against the group, claiming erroneously that the national foundation "is the only organization authorized by the Interior Department to fundraise for the restoration effort." In fact, the state organization has letters of authorization from Interior and



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The National Historic Mint of Long Island marketed unauthorized commemorative medallions with the promise that a portion of the proceeds would be donated to the restoration. It sent the foundation a check for $150,000, which was returned uncashed. Because of the Interior Department's policy of accepting contributions directly, Neil Moritt, a lawyer for the mint, mailed a cashier's check to the department, without identifying his connection to the company. The department deposited his check but five days later, after learning of the connection, sent Moritt a refund, which he immediately returned. Several weeks later the Park Service, in a revision of policy, announced that it would no longer accept commercial donations directly and that all money derived from such transactions had to be funneled through the foundation. Vento, for one, has called that policy illegal, saying, "They cannot refuse to accept donated funds even if it's on a commercial basis. . . . I think they should be forced to justify that."

Park Service solicitor Keith Eastin (a voting member of the foundation's board, in contravention of the memorandum of agreement) convinced the department to stop accepting outside contributions, a policy that virtually cripples competing fund-raising groups. At Vento's hearing, Eastin explained plausibly that the foundation was determined to protect the public from being conned into buying unauthorized merchandise. "Since we can't audit all unofficial promotions," he said, "we told them, 'We are just not going to take your contributions.'"

The foundation has also gone after small-time vendors, such as a Burnham, Pennsylvania, couple who run a flower shop and who promised to contribute $1 for each $1.88 "Statue of Liberty bunch" they sold. Their contribution was $175, and Wald promptly mailed a "cease and desist" letter warning of the "unauthorized use of our logo, which is protected by copyright." A similar letter was dispatched to a Kenosha, Wisconsin, store owner who had contributed $95 earned from the sale of cigarette lighters. He was told by Wald that his meager contribution would "endanger the officially sponsored programs and products of the foundation and thereby undermine the restoration efforts by jeopardizing the largest single source of funds to the Statue's restoration." In all, eleven contributions, totaling more than $200,000, were returned as unauthorized commercial promotions. It's a long way from Joseph Pulitzer.

As we have suggested, the selling of Miss Liberty need not have happened. There was a better way: a campaign that would have tapped private sources, both individual and corporate, in a dignified way. Such an effort would have pointed up the moral that the statue and Ellis Island belong to all Americans. Instead, we have been given an example of what Alan Wolfe in these pages called the logoization of America, the renting out of billboard space on two public monuments. As often happens when private control is substituted for public accountability, the unifying power of the public good is diminished. A great opportunity was lost to place our common heritage above private gain. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Glory Days?

JAMES TRAUB

THE SHOPPING MALL HIGH SCHOOL: Winners and Losers in the Educational Marketplace. *By Arthur G. Powell, Eleanor Farrar and David K. Cohen. Houghton Mifflin. $16.95. 360 pp.*

Public education, as historian Diane Ravitch likes to point out, has resisted perpetual and contradictory campaigns for reform with all the firmness of a lump of clay: whatever shape suits the fancy of a capricious and confused citizenry, it has adopted. The 1960s radicals who stormed the bastions of *in loco parentis*, student powerlessness and archaic curriculums, fell back, or so they thought, before the fist of authoritarianism. Well, they were too modest. It turns out that the schools, above all the high schools, had taken heed and were soon inventing hundreds of new courses, working on a hassle-free environment and thoroughly absorbing the vocabulary of psychotherapy and tort law.

But like someone translating from a foreign language, the schools missed the spirit of bold enterprise that animated 1960s critics—their sense of infinite possibilities. One is reminded of the turn of the century when, as Harvard education professor David K. Cohen writes in *The Shopping Mall High School*, a band of scholarly reformers led by Charles Eliot managed to strip the schools of the old crusts of Latin and Greek only to see them replaced by home economics, bookkeeping and shop. History occurs the first time as tragedy, the second as farce and after that, I suppose, as high school.

Nowadays, of course, it is the right that is busy reshaping the schools in its own image. For sheer uninformed prejudice nothing beats the schoolmasterish thunderations of President Reagan, the chief whip of the Back to the Mythical Golden Age Brigade. The militaristic alarums of the National Commission on Excellence in Education, none of whose august members seem to have set foot in a classroom, have furnished a kind of intellectual legitimacy to the President's pieties. In its report, *A Nation at Risk*, the commission convicted Americans of "an act of unthinking, unilateral educational disarmament." Buckle down, cried out these eminent scholars, before the Japanese pound us into tofu, for "history is not kind to idlers." And in the two years since the report the public schools, obedient as ever, have buckled down.

Perhaps the great question about the schools is how they can be made less responsive to ideological crusades and more susceptible to the merely human criticisms of intelligent students, teachers and administrators. Here, I think, there is real cause for hope. Ever since the rise of the effective-schools movement in the late 1970s, the inescapable voice of these people and their dismal lot have become the touchstones for a new class of education studies. These include John Goodlad's *A Place Called School*, Michael Rutter's *Fifteen Thousand Hours: Secondary Schools and Their Effects on Children*, Theodore Sizer's *Horace's Compromise: The Dilemma of the American High School* and now *The Shopping Mall High School*. Each of these books has looked deeply into school, and each has discovered a sort of working model of demoralization in which everyone goes through enough of the motions of teaching and learning to give the impression of purpose. Not one of the authors suggests that anything short of radical change will make the schools much better—certainly not pep rallies for "excellence." And not one of them is likely to have half the influence of the National Commission on Excellence in Education.

The Shopping Mall High School is the second of a three-book series cosponsored by the National Association of Secondary School Principals and the National Association of Independent Schools. The first volume, Sizer's *Horace's Compromise*, shed a sort of lantern light—a penetrating but extraordinarily nuanced and human light—into the dark corners of the school microcosm. *The Shopping Mall High School*, by contrast, wants to reveal the big picture with a bank of floodlights. The authors ask why high school is so purposeless, so unable to focus on the business at hand. Their persuasive, if rather plodding, answer is that the modern high school functions like a shopping mall, satisfying the student clientele at all costs, catering to diverse interests with an endless variety of curriculums, objectives, even values. "These accommodations," says Arthur G. Powell, executive director of the study and author of three of the book's five chapters, "produce a neutral environment" in which the school's official values—imparting wisdom, training character—lose all moral force. Pluralism is all.

Do we detect here a Reaganesque nostalgia for the lost days of unquestioned authority? Not at all. The authors have done their homework far too well to clamor for a principal on a white horse. Powell, Cohen and Eleanor Farrar (a senior policy analyst at Abt Associates, Inc.) not only visited fifteen high schools but apparently hung around them long enough to pick up something of their atmosphere. What they describe is the texture of school life—not chaos and hostility but boredom, anomie, a genial drifting through the livelong day. They look at what is unspoken in every school and classroom—the "treaties" in which, by and large, students pledge to show up and behave themselves, and teachers and administrators agree to respect their desire not to be unduly taxed with learning.

Perhaps *Shopping Mall* should have begun where it ends, with a history of the development and endless ramification of the comprehensive high school. This lengthy discussion, David K. Cohen's contribution to the study, should thoroughly perplex the forces of reaction. Cohen argues with a sort of perverse gusto that public high schools have never sought to be primarily academic institutions. He quotes Helen and Robert Lynd to the effect that "Sports, and learning to get along, was what Americans really liked about high school, not the academic work." Bluenoses like Eliot, who imagined that every student needed and deserved the same substantial intellectual equipment, lost out in every generation to reformers who argued for a "truly democratic" education in which ordinary boys and girls, obviously unfit to master the intricacies of chemistry or the Shake-

James Traub has written about public schools in Harper's, The New Republic *and elsewhere.*

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spearean sonnet, would be furnished with serviceable tools for living, like bookkeeping. But the schools would accommodate the budding scholar as well, in a college-bound track. Thus the public high school became comprehensive. As schools became more inclusive they added more tracks; and "as each wave of reform broke, each was rewarded either with a new subdivision of the curriculum or with an expansion of the existing large, undemanding division." By the time everyone was in school, the schools had something for everyone.

The consequences of this development seemed benign enough in my suburban high school fifteen years ago, but must have roared out of control since then. To a startling degree students are now at liberty to select their own programs—not only what they want to study but how much, if anything, they want to learn. The school, in turn, is happy to provide something—or nothing. In one honors class in junior English described in *The Shopping Mall High School*, students sat in a circle and argued about Ibsen's *A Doll's House*; the teachers expected them to speak, and they did. In middle-level junior English, still college-preparatory, the text was the more familiar *The Catcher in the Rye*, whose relevance to the lives of her students the teacher chatted about, more or less to herself, before splitting the class up for a quiz game involving the book's minutiae. And at the lowest level a teacher lectured about comic books to a completely bored audience before showing slides of "Superman" strips and acting out the various characters. Neither teachers nor students express much sense of horror at this abandonment of all but the lucky few. "It's all up to you," students say about half a dozen times in the study, echoing the prevailing ethos of choice.

Another development with its roots in the 1960s is that learning about yourself has acquired status equal to learning about Ibsen or Salinger. The gloomy expectation that students won't do much "book-learning" is considerably brightened by the thought that, if they hang around long enough, they'll do more "life-learning." From the evidence here the schools seem to have swallowed the therapeutic approach without so much as chewing, and have responded to pressure to serve as social workers and psychoanalysts by opening a new boutique in the shopping mall. What the authors call "the service curriculum" has infiltrated the academic curriculum, so that such valuable services as a Divorce Resource Group and an Adolescent Parenting Program are offered as courses. All experience is learning, all learning is equally valid.

But not always; some of the boutiques, it turns out, sell the genuine article. Suddenly the authors flip over the card of fragmentation and discover the shopping mall high school's hidden virtue. The schools are so consumer oriented that students who want to consume learning, and teachers who want to sell it, can build their own happy little kingdom, and play by their own healthy rules. The comprehensive school is divided, in effect, between these thriving "specialty shops"—the honors track, sports, music, even remedial programs for the especially needy—and the chaotic department store which serves absolutely everyone else, whom the authors call the "unspecial." While James Coleman, in *High School Achievement: Public, Catholic, and Private Schools Compared,* looked to private schools for evidence of a sound academic culture, the authors of *The Shopping Mall High School* use one half of the public school to expose the other. In fact the authors draw on Coleman's work, and devote much of their attention to the virtues specialty shops share with private schools. With a few variations these fall into what is now almost a catechism of effective-school attributes: clear pedagogical purpose expressed in a narrow curriculum; continual, concerned guidance; scope for good teaching; and a team of advocates to safeguard the privileged ways of the special. The authors also admire the sense of election provided by a restrictive admissions policy though it runs counter to the public schools' mandate to include everyone.

Is this the way out? I have my doubts, and so, it seems, do the authors. They concede that "stories of illiterate college athletes" imply some trouble in the specialty shop paradise. It comes as no great surprise that students can be taught what they are predisposed to learn; but where is the specialty shop that grapples with the quite natural antipathy to mental work? What about the student they describe who languishes in the classroom while he acquires "life-learning" in student government—is he to be seen as a specialty-shop success story? No, unless you accept the specialty-shop ethos that it's better to teach something, *anything*, well, than to insist that some kinds of learning are better than others.

The problem runs deeper still. If, as the authors have just persuaded us, atomization is bad and a community of shared purposes is indispensable, then the specialty shop represents a clear and present danger to truly public education. Coleman, after all, wanted to infuse private school values into public schools rather than abolish public education. But the authors of *Shopping Mall* simply despair of replacing fragmentation with common experience. The shopping mall has been a-building, after all, for eighty years. In a bizarre reversal the authors discover in the specialty shop the solution to the shopping mall high school's problem.

Arthur Powell, who wrote the cursory and quite glum conclusion, recommends that the department store for the unspecial be broken down into still more specialty shops, despite the risk of "premature specialization or social isolation," as well as the likelihood that the unspecial, bless their recalcitrant souls, may not apply. Powell tacks on several more conventional and universally applicable solutions—freeing teacher time, breaking the routine, simplifying the curriculum—but without much conviction. School reform, he sums up with a terrible shrug, "is not necessarily an idea whose time has come."

Possibly the authors set out only to provide a powerful diagnostic tool—the metaphor of the shopping mall—with which to explain the symptoms that their predecessors have endlessly detailed. Still, I can't help feeling that in the course of their research they became overwhelmed by the obstacles to reform. They know that the shopping mall high school satisfies its clientele; that few parents deplore the schools enough to help change them; that the law of "stability in change" dictates that the schools undermine all fundamental reform by trivial or misguided adjustments. They don't want to hold out false hope, and they certainly don't.

I don't know what the answer is, but I'm sure involves the tempered idealism of a Theodore Sizer rather than the apocalyptic ravings of the National Commission on Excellence. School reformers must decide what they think of the central actors in education—

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teachers and especially students. The authors of *Shopping Mall*, like most education scholars, want, at long last, to grant teachers more autonomy and respect. But they also argue, with the Neanderthals, that students have gained too much control over their own education, that the shopping mall has catered to their whims. At times, wandering the halls of dismal high schools, I have felt the same way; I have the awful feeling that I may have written as much. But the schools must mobilize students in order to teach them; and to do this they must take the risk of trusting them.

Sizer, as usual, puts the issue squarely:

> High schools must respect adolescents more and patronize them less. The best respect is high expectation for them, and a level of accountability that is more adult in its demand than childlike. We should expect them to learn more while being taught less. Their personal engagement with their own learning is crucial; adults cannot "give" them an education.

Perhaps if this act of faith, this distillate boiled down from the overripe idealism of the 1960s can be applied in the vast department store of the unspecial, the public high school can be saved from a compartmentalized, almost privatized, destiny. It's worth a try. □

Linguistic Segregation

JIM QUINN

Racism is growing in America. "It's not just some heritage of our terrible past, and it's not disappearing. It's being created right now," says William Labov, a linguist at the University of Pennsylvania. "There's a growing black middle class, we know. But the number of blacks who are isolated and poor is greater than ever—blacks who never see a white except as teacher or cop, or a performer on radio and television. Most blacks and most whites in this society are growing further and further apart."

Labov has no trouble documenting this claim. He does it by analyzing the speech patterns of blacks and whites in the city of Philadelphia, something he's been doing for more than a decade.

"First let me tell you about London," Labov says. We sit in his office, surrounded by a collection of thousands of tape-recorded voices which go back twenty-five years to his work on dialect in Martha's Vineyard. Labov pulls tapes here and there, slapping them onto his big professional-quality tape player and talking all the while in his own soft New York accent: "I went to Battersea Park in London and I taped six kids—black and white. The English themselves had trouble telling which was which! You'd never have that trouble in America. Blacks born in England sound English. Blacks born in America sound black. Now part of the reason is that the black population in England is relatively small. But part of the reason is segregation. I went to Brixton, where they said they had the race riots. They weren't race riots. I could tell. Brixton is not an all-black neighborhood. You see a lot of white faces in Brixton. But in Philadelphia it's different. And it's getting worse. All you have to do is compare the figures from the 1970 and 1980 censuses—the number of neighborhoods with 75 percent or more blacks is growing, the number of mixed neighborhoods, with 50 to 75 percent, is shrinking. And language—language is telling us what we already know. Inner-city blacks are remote from the centers of power, divorced from the community, so remote that they don't even make a claim to local rights and privileges. They know that for them making that claim doesn't work."

That such changes can be borne out by research in linguistics requires some explanation. Linguistics can safely be called the secret science. Most literate Americans know enough about an arcane subject like subatomic physics to recognize words like "muon" and "quark" but have never heard of phonemes and morphemes, the building blocks of linguistics. Popular language expertise is something else altogether—the province of quacks like Edwin Newman and William Safire, who are to language study what flat-earthers are to geography. So, for the sake of argument, forget what you know about language. Especially your judgments about it. Instead, concentrate on the fact that change is a constant in living languages and consider for a moment why languages change.

Jim Quinn writes The Nation*'s Lingo column.*

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One answer to that question was provided by the linguist Leonard Bloomfield, who thought language changed when ordinary people imitated upper-class or prestige speakers. Someone "is more likely to repeat a speech-form which he has heard, say, from a lecturer of great fame than one which he has heard from a street-sweeper." The new form is useful—you get a better job, marry a richer person, gain political advantage.

Sounds sensible. But language doesn't work that way. Grammatical changes in a language seem to happen simultaneously in widely different parts of the world. Similar changes in grammar have been noted in Montreal and in France. Grammatical innovations like the use of "go" in quotation ("I go, 'Who, me?' and she goes, 'Whom else?'") are found in the United States, Great Britain, Australia—throughout the English-speaking world.

Phonetic variables, on the other hand—sound changes—are highly localized. And in America right now, sound changes are happening faster than they ever have before. The local dialects of cities like New York, Detroit, Philadelphia and Chicago are flying off in different directions from one another—vowels moving around in people's mouths, consonants gathering idiosyncratic lisps. Local speech is becoming more and more localized.

And these phonetic changes are not the result of imitating upper-class speakers. Typically, the cutting edge of sound change is found among those people who are the leaders of the upper working class—schoolteachers, draftsmen, politicians, the people with power in the community. The local dialect becomes, in fact, the language of negotiation, a way of claiming local rights and privileges. In Labov's study of dialect in Martha's Vineyard in 1963, he found that older Portuguese and Gay Head Indian residents of the island did not share in local sound changes. But younger members of the two groups did pick up those changes once they began to get prominent positions in local business and politics. The theory is that sound changes are symbols of community—and that a rapid acceleration of change in the language occurs when excluded groups begin to share in the power. And, as Labov discovered in Philadelphia and elsewhere, sound changes move at a pretty regular rate out from the upper working class and into the classes above and below it. "Our basic language system is not acquired from schoolteachers or from radio announcers," Labov says, "but from friends and competitors: those we admire, and those we have to be good enough to beat."

So there's a paradox involved in local dialect. On one hand, local people do not think of it as a prestige dialect (it doesn't sound like Walter Cronkite) and are often embarrassed by elements of it when they recognize them, especially in formal contexts. On the other hand, as Labov discovered, sound changes are initiated by the highest-status speakers of their group—and the rate at which other people acquire them is directly proportional to their own upward or downward social mobility.

That's the pattern, but it doesn't reflect or explain what is happening with black dialect. "We spent all this time studying white speech in Philadelphia," says Labov. "We thought we might as well do a little study on black speech. We expected to find it changing in something like the same way. After all, how can Philadelphia be 38 to 50 percent black and that fact not have some influence on local dialect? We discounted what people said about racism. We'd hear a bunch of kids in a playground say, 'We hate the blacks.' Ten minutes later a bunch of black kids come running in, everybody slaps hands and they're playing touch football together. We had this feeling that the blacks were going to be O.K.; it was working out; they'd wind up like the Puerto Ricans or the Jews—finally making it in America. But what we discovered was a separation even more profound than we suspected. And growing."

The study of black dialect has proceeded like the study of white dialect. Tape recordings are taken of local speakers; then, with the help of sound spectrographs and computers, the tapes are analyzed for such things as vowel quality, dropping of final consonants in words ("du" for "dude," for example), and simplification of consonant clusters ("ax" for "ask"). The interviews themselves are conducted by Labov's colleague Wendell A. Harris, also known as Popcorn. "Popcorn devised a system of interviewing which allowed him to avoid completely the observer's paradox," says Labov. "It's important to get past the effects of observation. We want to know how people talk when they're not being observed—not thinking about language, just using it. If you don't get that, you wind up just looking in the mirror—all you see is how the person reacts to you." Harris's tapes—Labov plays them for me with a kind of astonished delight—are extraordinary. A cross section of the black community, ranging from funeral directors to skilled workmen to radical militants to musicians—angry, ribald, hilarious and full of language unintelligible to most whites.

"We quickly found out that the best way to divide these speakers up was not by where they were born, in the South or Philadelphia, not by their jobs, their economic level—the best way was by their contact with whites. Musicians, militants, streetwise people who use language to get themselves out of uncomfortable situations had all moved grammatically in the direction of standard dialect. The group with no contact had moved dramatically away. And whites find it hard to recognize how far away it is." In short, for blacks the local dialect has not become a way of claiming local rights and privileges.

"Let's take the sentence, 'He come telling me this and that,'" Labov continues. "It doesn't sound too different from what you'd say, 'He came telling me.' But you'd never say, 'He come coming up to see me.' Blacks do. Because 'come' in that sentence doesn't mean 'come' at all—it means 'He has the nerve to.' Add to that the fact that it can be swallowed almost when unemphasized, like 'was' in other dialects becomes 'uz,' so it sounds like 'um,' and you hear, 'He, um, coming up'—you have no idea what's going on."

The use of a final "s" as a marker for third-person singular verbs is another example. Black English vernacular drops the "s" habitually. So habitually that black schoolchildren frequently have trouble understanding the standard English used as a matter of course by their teachers and textbooks. In 1983, Jane Torrey asked a group of Harlem second-graders to interpret the sentence, "The cat splashes." Ninety-five per cent of them said there must be two cats, since the only way they could interpret the verbal ending "s" was as a plural. On Harris's tapes, musicians and the streetwise showed a high degree of using the third-person "s"—presumably they'd learned it from contacts with whites.

"But," Labov says, "the isolated

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group used "s" in a way that seemed random, until my colleague John Myhill discovered that one construction goes like this in telling a story: 'She takes your clothes out and lend them to people.' The "s" is on its way to being used as a marker of the narrative past. And when there are two verbs involved, only the first one gets the "s." This is a construction unknown anywhere else in the English language. If kids have trouble recognizing third-person singular present "s" now, what is it going to be like when they use "s" as a past tense?" In fact, as Labov points out, "There is a close parallel between residential segregation and linguistic segregation, and between residential segregation and educational failure."

Other new features of black English vernacular discovered in the study are less startling, but just as deep-seated. "Take 'ain't' for 'didn't'—'He ain't come,'" says Labov. "One hundred per cent of our respondents used 'ain't' for 'didn't' when speaking in anger. 'Ain't' for 'isn't' is used throughout the language; 'ain't' for 'didn't' is entirely black, and a structural fact totally invisible to blacks themselves. If you ask people if they say it, they say no. But our study's not alone. A linguist named Guy Bailey did a study of the use of the verb 'be' in black English vernacular in Florida. To parents, 'be' is an alternate form of 'is,' to kids 'be' means 'habitually true.' 'He be studying' means he studies all the time, not at all the same as 'he is studying.'"

It's interesting to contrast black and Puerto Rican dialects in English. Labov notes: "Puerto Ricans have four pulls on their language when they're speaking English: black, local white, Spanish and school standard. In general, boys tend to be pulled toward black vernacular and girls toward local white dialect. Except in formal situations—in formal situations Puerto Ricans all deviate in the direction of local dialect. Blacks who consciously change their speech away from black vernacular change it in the direction of network standard."

The reason for that is obvious: the adoption of network standard is a claim to membership, rights and privileges in a community larger than your city. Blacks have had some success in claiming national rewards—so network standard rather than local dialect seems to be a dialect that pays off. And yet those successful blacks are, as Labov points out, relatively few: "Black English vernacular is spoken by millions of people. You only find these linguistic developments with large numbers. It takes a city of at least a million, for example, to develop a distinct local dialect. Blacks are scattered among our Northern cities and you'd think their speech would be affected by that. It isn't. Black English vernacular is remarkably consistent. There are some differences in vocabulary. What used to be called 'the dozens,' a game of ritualized insults, is called 'busting,' or 'sounding,' or 'chopping,' 'cutting,' 'woofing,' depending on the city you're in. But! The insults are the same!"

Labov is careful not to say that the cause of the problem of increasing linguistic isolation is simply that blacks don't hang out with whites enough: "The problem is isolation, not only from whites, but from successful blacks too. A colleague of mine went to an all-black school in the South—but it was an all-black school with the children of preachers and lawyers and businessmen and workers. In North Philadelphia, and in ghettos like it, there are all-black schools where everyone is black and everyone is poor and everyone is isolated from the rest of society."

As a result, Labov pointed out to me long ago, the social structures of ghetto schools are like normal schools turned upside down. In other schools, the kids who consistently fail are the outsiders, the loners, the least popular. In ghetto schools, the students who fail are often the leaders of student society. The ones who get good grades are the outsiders, the loners, derisively called "the lames."

In writing about the dilemma of black dialect in black advancement, Labov has noted: "Many educational programs have the effect of changing children's social behavior so that they can no longer keep the friends they used to have. This often happens when children change their pronunciation and their vocabulary, and become socially marked as different from the rest. If we turn our attention away from these superficial details . . . it should be possible to bring children closer to the systems used by other dialects without changing their personalities and their friendship patterns."

It shouldn't be necessary, in other words, for black children to turn their backs on the whole of their environment in order to learn to read and write. But how can that be done?

"Well," says Labov, "that's what

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people ask—all the time. When the results of our study were published, it was a universal reaction. This is terrible. What can be done? It would be foolish for us to answer specifically. We're not experts in social engineering. But it's obvious that if we follow our present policies blacks are going to drift further and further away from the mainstream. And there are consequences. The more social isolation you have, the more social problems you're going to have. Everybody asks us what to do. And they know what to do. Integrate the schools. Across suburban lines."

An integrated school system, where whites and blacks are in contact from early years, would end the isolation of inner-city blacks and take the pressure off those blacks who succeed to drop all black speech characteristics. "The way will then be open for the group (both white and black) to shift as a whole, with the convergence that is the result of mutual influence," Labov writes. "If the contact is a friendly one, and we achieve true integration in the schools, the two groups may actually exchange socially significant symbols, and black children will begin to use the local vernacular. . . . But even without such a thorough integration, we can expect that children will learn from each other, and the present trend towards separation may be reversed."

Labov and John Baugh, another linguist, have worked out a program for language arts in the integrated classroom that gives specific guidelines to teachers. Finding a practical application for theoretical work has always been important to Labov. So has black English. His book *Language in the Inner City*, published in 1972, helped establish the fact (widely disputed in those days) that black English vernacular was "a fully formed language that could be used like any other language as a basis for learning."

But Labov's interest is much more personal than that. He knows each of the people Harris interviewed. "Listen to this," Labov says, playing a tape. "A wonderful story, a great guy." Or, "I like this guy because he knows a lot of toasts—long rhyming stories that people tell in bars. I have a good memory and I know a lot of toasts myself, and so we'd sit around and do them all day long. But. You have to watch out for some people—he's a professional thief, and like all professional thieves, eventually he gets down to where he has to steal from his friends." Or suddenly, angrily, "You know, these are *not* just lower-class people. In our group we have roofers, tile setters, workers, people with skills. All out of work, all of them. One foreman, a guy with a very responsible, very complicated job, he works for this company three years, there's a conflict on the job, and they . . . just . . . demonstrate . . . that they don't want a black foreman. And he's fired. The only black foreman they ever had. So remember, this is important: if you're black in America, that's what matters. Just because you have skills doesn't mean you escape." □

'Lesser Charlatans'

CALVIN TRILLIN

The following is an introduction to Richard Rovere's Howe and Hummel: Their True and Scandalous History, *which is being reissued this month by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

When Richard Rovere joined the staff of *The New Yorker*, in 1944, the policy of the magazine was to run profiles only of people who had some connection with New York City. By 1944, of course, *The New Yorker* had been running pieces from Europe on World War II for several years—a contradiction that apparently did not cause Harold Ross, the magazine's founder, great concern. "I don't mind having a local magazine, or even an international magazine," Ross supposedly said. "But I'll be damned if I want a *national* magazine." Rovere quoted that line in a memoir, *Final Reports*, along with what Ross replied when A.J. Liebling expressed interest in writing some pieces for *The New Yorker* about the West: "I've been there, Liebling, and there's nothing in it for us."

Eventually, a national magazine was what Ross had. After the war pieces, there was probably no way to turn back. In 1948, Rovere was permitted to cover the Presidential campaign; perhaps Ross comforted himself with the thought that one candidate had made his reputation as the district attorney of Manhattan. Then, at the suggestion of William Shawn, Rovere began writing "Letter from Washington." For the rest of Rovere's life—he died in 1979—he was known for his peculiarly astute, lucid, graceful commentaries on American government and politics. For the four years before 1948, though, he scratched around for profile subjects within the city limits of New York. At first, he found the search so difficult that, he later wrote, "I began to wonder if *The New Yorker* was really the right magazine for me."

It may have been a measure of his desperation that Rovere's first profile was of a reformer—Newbold Morris, an upright Republican who was then serving as president of the City Council. In those days, *New Yorker* profile writers tended to work on the assumption that there was a rough correlation between respectability of the subject and dullness of the copy. Particularly after some former newspaper reporters like Liebling and Joseph Mitchell joined *The New Yorker* in the 1930s, the magazine had established a sort of subspecialty in writing about the sort of New York residents who did not often express much interest in civic uplift. Liebling wrote a series of pieces about the small-time Broadway promoters he called Telephone Booth Indians. Mitchell's subjects included proprietors of gin mills and a bearded lady and the ticket seller at a Bowery movie theater. Although any number of Episcopalian curates and Methodist bishops may have been mentioned in *The New Yorker* in those years, the profile of a cleric that is best remembered is the one St. Clair McKelway (with reporting help from Liebling) did on Father Divine.

McKelway liked to call characters like Father Divine "rascals"—although, he was quick to point out in the introduction to a collection he called *True Tales From the Annals of Crime and Rascality*, he used the word "in its affectionate sense." Rovere agreed that the best profile subjects were people he described some years later (after his experiences in Washington with more dangerous scoundrels) as "lesser charlatans." To that end, he turned from Morris to a couple of machine pols, and from them to Dr. Bruno Furst, a German refugee of prodigious memory who had set himself up in New York as a professional mnemonist ("When Dr. Furst finds himself on a long journey without a good book, he remembers one").

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Then, while doing some research in the files of the District Attorney's office, Rovere found that he was constantly running across the names of two "spectacularly and unabashedly crooked" turn-of-the-century lawyers named William F. Howe and Abraham H. Hummel, partners in the Centre Street law firm of Howe and Hummel. Howe seemed to be a one-man criminal bar—the mouthpiece not just of the most notorious criminals of the day, like the noted fence Mother Mandelbaum, but of virtually every garden-variety strangler being held in the Tombs for trial. Abe Hummel handled a theatrical practice embracing legitimate representation of the city's most renowned actors as well as an entertainment-industry sideline that consisted of confronting prominent businessmen with breach-of-affection affidavits from show girls—show girls who could be described succinctly as dallied with—and offering to dispose of the matter in the office stove for a set price. Rovere realized that he had found the profile subject he had been looking for—a proper pair of rascals.

Rovere's profile of Howe and Hummel appeared in four parts in *The New Yorker* in 1946. In a memoir called *Arrivals and Departures*, Rovere wrote that a number of publishers approached him about publishing the profile as a book, but most of them said that it lacked bulk. They talked about the possibility of adding material that would make it a "portrait of the period." As Rovere saw it, "the period had been portraited to a fare-thee-well." He recognized the request for what it was—a desire for padding, for putting in the chaff he had spent a lot of time separating from the wheat. In Rovere's view, "American books in most categories are like so much else in American life, fatter than they have any need to be." Rovere said that any publisher who wanted to print *Howe and Hummel* would have to print it as it was. Farrar, Straus did, in 1947. As anyone who reads *Howe and Hummel* will realize, it is, in fact, a portrait of the period—as well as a splendidly entertaining portrait of two magnificent rascals. As anyone who read Richard Rovere's reporting from Washington over the years would suspect, it is precisely the right length. It was characteristic of Rovere's writing to use not simply the right words but the right number of them. □

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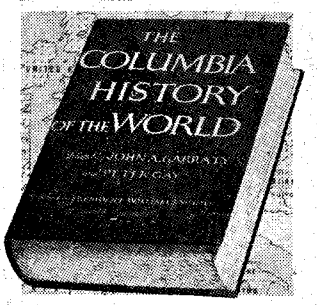

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FILMS.

ANDREW KOPKIND

Living at Risk
Witness to War

Americans know by now that a revolution is not a dinner party, but they continue to hope that it will be no worse than a bad brunch. In its early stages, when the Nicaraguan revolution looked (from a distance) like a romantic rebellion against a vaudeville villain, with flags flying and guerrillas reading poetry in the streets, it was hard to hear a harsh word against the insurrection, even from the mainstream media and benign conservatives. Liberals, of course, were positively effusive in their sympathy for the Sandinistas, who were variously portrayed as armed Peace Corps volunteers or pure peasant reformers. Now that the going is rough, that class conflict has reared its historic head, that invasion, economic boycott and counter-revolution have disrupted social reconstruction, support for Nicaragua in the United States is so scant as to be barely audible. The mainstream evaporated long ago, and the weak liberal line of defense is collapsing, not really because the Sandinistas have done anything terrible, but because they are doing it their way.

Living at Risk, which is about revolution-building in Nicaragua, and *Witness to War*, which is about revolution-fighting in El Salvador (more or less), convey a good sense of the daily, deadly realities of life in those two countries. It is just what is missing in the Op-Ed debates about civil liberties and negotiating positions which take the place of real reporting in American papers. In Nicaragua, the day's regimen includes saving hundreds of infants from needless death of curable diseases, putting land to use to feed the population, teaching adults to read and write so they can better understand the history and culture of their times, scraping together the means to develop economic institutions under conditions of deep underdevelopment and, of course, defending the population from *contra* attack. In El Salvador, there is much more emphasis on defense, but in the guerrillas' "zones of control" the rudiments of a revolutionary society are being assembled for that distant day when the entire country is wrenched free of military and oligarchic control. That's the story, down there, and what you read up here in *el Norte* is mostly political filler.

Alfred Guzzetti, Susan Meiselas and Richard Rogers have fashioned the documentary *Living at Risk* from the lives of five siblings of a privileged family, the Barrios, who stayed "with the revolution," as they say in Managua, after most of their class (including their father and oldest brother) fled. The Barrios, who betrayed their class (a harsh but realistic assessment, things being what they are), still live well, although not as lavishly as in the best years of Somoza when they had the run of the place. One Barrios brother's family has a maid whom we see serving dinner and attending a child, and the rest seem not to have suffered greatly under the boot of Marxist-Leninist repression, or whatever the State Department calls it this month. They are doctors, engineers, planners, organizers, propagandists—in other words, revolutionary cadre—and their work and routine provide a compelling chronicle of the possibilities and contradictions of Sandinista socialism.

Middle-class, politically sophisticated Americans who see the film (I can't imagine anyone else will be dragged to its art-house runs) will easily identify with the Barrios, who have the cultivated manners and handsome features of the suburban family next door, if the suburb happens to be in San Antonio or Coral Gables. It would be interesting, too, to tour Nicaragua with a less cosmopolitan crowd, but if the Barrios make the revolution that much more accessible, then the filmmakers' choice was wise. North Americans appreciate irony more than they love revolution, so when the two are combined a certain synergistic sympathy is produced.

Another irony underlies *Witness to War*, Deborah Shaffer's half-hour report on the unusual journey of Charlie Clements from U.S. Air Force pilot in Vietnam to guerrilla doctor in El Salvador. Clements betrayed his government, though not his country, by opposing its war against the Vietnamese while he was fighting it, and landed in a psychiatric hospital for his act of courage. He continued his treachery (same issues, different Administration) in Central America, when he slipped out of San Salvador into the jungle to help another group of rebels who found themselves

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at the business end of American guns. An old buddy, interviewed for the film, puts that irony in sharp focus when he remarks that the same kind of planes Clements flew in 'Nam were being used to drop white-phosphorous bombs on Clements's patients in El Salvador.

Clements is a Quaker and a personal pacifist, and he refused to carry a weapon even when he was tracking through the jungle at night, in constant danger of ambush. The villagers, he remembers wryly, thought he was crazy (same diagnosis as the U.S. Air Force, different reasons) and bodyguards ran shotgun for his perambulations. But he had the sense to realize that the demands of his conscience were of a different order from those of the Salvadoran struggle; he understood the necessity of keeping his moral values consonant with his own life, and he would not impose them on a world others were making. That's a hard lesson for Americans to learn. They want Nicaragua, or Vietnam, or whatever society they fancy at the moment, to play by their own rules. When history has it another way, their fancy falls away. It's too bad, but fortunately it's not always fatal; with any luck, the revolutions in Nicaragua and El Salvador will survive America's moral *contras* as well as the military ones. □

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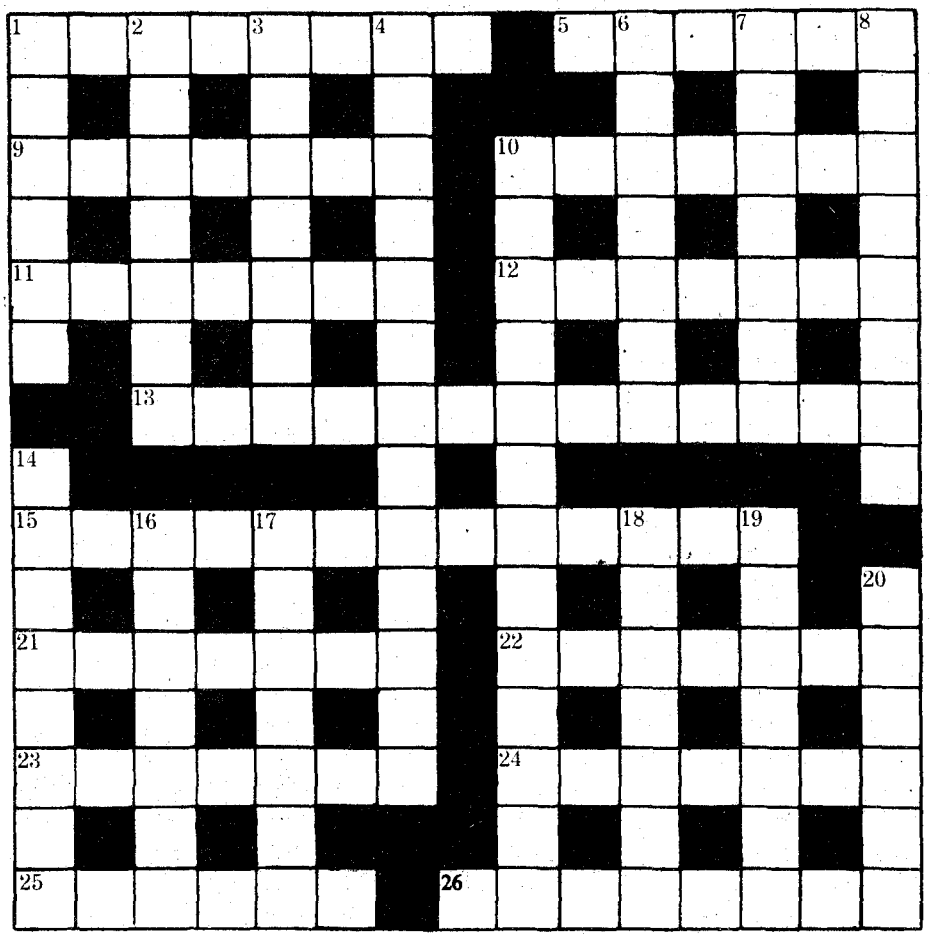
Crossword Puzzle No. 2077

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The scheme of the room eroded what one had to do to embellish it. (8)
5 Pursues a problem, having no right to it. (This proves exhausting.) (4,2)
9 Roll up on time—it might make a difference where the shell goes. (7)
10 Is one who decorates the Christmas tree necessarily more neat? (7)
11 Perhaps to cheer—that's the long and short of it! (7)
12 Only the foolish type needs a tricky ruse to prove what the guarantee does, supposedly. (7)
13 A Jacksonian might be a capital example. (13)
15 Is Fido haunted by them? (Such as bear with hard liquor, which makes things lively.) (6,7)
21 No birch branches woven into this part of the chest! (7)
22 Say what you have to say quickly! (7)
23 They might be on the porch or up in the air. (7)
24 You might consider it nicer as a possible stage accompaniment to ancient Chantilly. (7)
25 The thing antiestablishment types try to beat might be a part of Bossy's temperament. (6)
26 He used to be responsible for an official dispatch, or more likely, he and Sam! (8)

DOWN

1 and 4 down Needs what is in photos, possibly, for the direction of naval personnel. (4,2,3,3,2,5)
2 Study what the racing sheet shows, if you want to go along. (7)
3 Gets to stretches of water, but the old thing is filled with pain! (7)
4 See 1 down
6 Poor pupils get the point, but one makes mistakes so! (5,2)
7 In the troubles of Asia, the rising spirit of the warrior. (7)
8 Examining with great care, through taking advantage of it? (8)
10 You might expect to get a different letter of character if you do. (13)
14 They accompanied royalty with title, yet their heads could roll! (8)
16 Jocularly they are tickled, but only in play. (7)
17 Increase the current on the island? (7)
18 A model statement, perhaps forced on others. (7)
19 The breastbone, oddly enough, starts in back! (7)
20 What is able to fall into the tray or garbage receptacle? (6)

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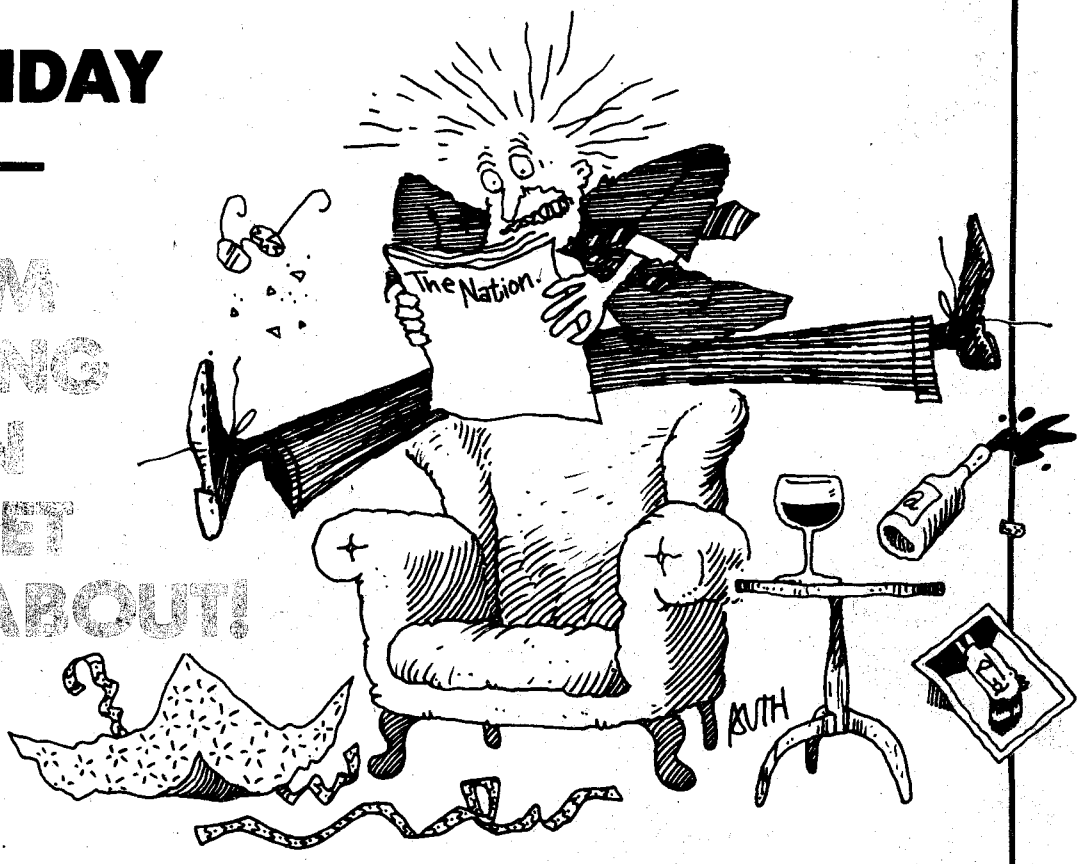

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